

# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

THERE is grave news, from Christiania regarding Dr. Ibsen's health. The complaint from which he is suffering is in the nature of paralysis, by which the distinguished dramatist's organs of speech are so seriously affected that he has almost lost the use of his voice. Dr. Ibsen can only walk with difficulty with the aid of a stick, and cannot speak more than a few words at a time. In other respects his condition is said to be improving, but he requires complete rest.

MR. KIPLING has lost the suit which he brought against Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons for breach of copyright. Messrs. Putnam send us the following statement: "The jury was not called upon to pass an opinion upon the issues presented. The judge directed a verdict in favour of the defendants, which means that in the opinion of the court the charges of the plaintiff were without foundation. The case has been in train nearly two years, during which time the defendants have done what was practicable to hasten the trial. They were from the beginning confident that Mr. Kipling's action had been based on some serious misapprehensions, and that he had doubtless been misled by his legal adviser. They find renewed regret that in place of leaving his counsel instructed to take the matter into court, Mr. Kipling had not been prepared to meet the suggestion for adjustment submitted by Messrs. Putnam. Messrs. Putnam had purchased for their retail department from Mr. Kipling's American publishers a small supply of the authorised editions of his books. It did not occur to them that in binding these books for sale, exclusively for their retail customers, and with the title-pages of the original publishers, they were doing anything that would be likely to cause annoyance to the distinguished author. As soon as they learned of this annoyance they promptly offered to do anything to meet the wishes of Mr. Kipling short of a sacrifice of the property which they had bought from his authorised agents. His counsel was, however, permitted to take the position that no satisfaction would be considered short of a 'substantial payment for damages.' In the confidence that there was on their part no infringement of law, and in the further certainty that they were free from any intention of causing annoyance to the author, and were ready to do all that might be practicable to meet the author's wishes, it was, of course, impossible for Messrs. Putnam to agree to an adjustment in the form of a payment of damages, which would have constituted an admission of wrongdoing on their part."

"COPIES of this book have been purchased by the Admiralty for the libraries of the fleet" is the text of a footnote appended to certain books in publishers' catalogues. Among them we notice Mr. Arthur H. Norway's *Parson Peter*. It would be interesting to know how, when, and by whom the selection is made.

THE bibliography of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* grows. This week we have received two more volumes.

One is a parchment-covered book, tied with pale blue ribbons, and called *The Lover's Replies to an Englishwoman's Love-Letters*. It consists of answers to various letters in the original volume, to letters and notes never published, an epilogue, and an "explanation," which we have not been able to master. The other volume is called *The Missing Answers*. It comes from New York, and the preface is signed "Annette Matthews," who says: "Just before my darling died she gave me a bundle of letters to be put in the coffin near her heart. I promised to do it, and did; but after the burial I found them on a table where they had been placed and forgotten while arranging the flowers." How simple! And the next step was also simple—to transport them across the Atlantic to Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Limited, who send them to us with their compliments.

MR. FRANK HOLLINGS, of 7, Great Turnstile, Holborn, will shortly issue, in a limited edition, an enlarged reprint of the *Notes for a Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald*, by Colonel W. F. Prideaux, of which a few copies were printed for private circulation last year. In addition to a bibliographical list of all the works which were published or privately printed during the lifetime of FitzGerald, this edition will contain some notes on Crabbe, which have never been previously reprinted in England, and a characteristic back view of FitzGerald seated at his harmonium, from a sketch by the late Charles Keene, in the possession of Mr. Bain, of the Haymarket, who has kindly undertaken its reproduction. A few copies will be struck off on large paper, with the frontispiece on Japanese vellum.

WE regret to record the death, on the 19th inst., of Mr. Ebenezer Ward, late of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., of which firm he was one of the founders. Mr. Ward, who was born eighty-three years ago, was educated at Christ's Hospital, and obtained his initiation into the publishing business in the house of Mr. Henry G. Bohn. He was connected with Mr. Bohn for about ten years, and subsequently took the management of the book department of Messrs. Ingram, Cook & Co. In 1854, however, he decided to start in business for himself, and through Mr. T. D. Galpin (who with Mr. George Petter had established the firm of Petter & Galpin—now Cassell's) he was introduced to Mr. George Lock, with whom he entered into partnership, and commenced operations as Ward & Lock at 158, Fleet-street. Mr. Ward attended to the financial department of the house for more than twenty-six years, and owing to ill-health he retired from active business about twenty years ago. For the benefit of his health Mr. Ward had for many years past spent most of his time abroad, and consequently had lost touch with many of his old friends and associates. He leaves a widow and three daughters.

THE *Life of R. L. Stevenson*, which Mr. Sidney Colvin, owing to the pressure of work, was unable to undertake, will be published in the autumn. It is by Mr. Graham Balfour.

THE announcement of a new annotated edition of the complete works of Hazlitt has rightly attracted considerable attention. Hazlitt needs that new edition, and we have no doubt that it will prosper in the hands of Mr. Arnold Glover and Mr. A. R. Waller. Mr. Waller is known for his admirable notes and glossary to the "Temple Classics" edition of Montaigne's Essays. By the way, why does not Mr. Dent give us a library edition of Mr. Waller's work? It would be very acceptable. The Hazlitt volumes will be twelve in number, and Constable will print them in big type. There will be portraits of Hazlitt, his friends, and doubtless of those whom he imagined to be his foes. A feature of the edition will be the inclusion of much matter ranked as "fugitive," and much that has not yet been ascribed to Hazlitt at all.

MR. ARCHER's real conversation this month, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, is with Mr. Stephen Phillips, and it is full of matter about the relationship of criticism to the drama, and about Mr. Phillips's experiences and hopes of the future. Mr. Phillips is righteously sore about the way in which critics who are capable only of writing readable chatter about farces like "In the Soup," and musical comedies like "San Toy," are sent, in the mere routine of their calling, to write about the five or six plays of a season "which can only be maltreated if not treated as literature." Speaking of the treatment accorded to "Herod," Mr. Phillips mentioned the illiterate remarks of one paper which did his play temporary harm. From later passages in this most interesting conversation we select a few plums, tearing them ruthlessly from their sockets in the pastry:

You know, of course, the paper I mean—

W. A.: When hostility to the higher drama is in question there can be no doubt what paper you have in mind. I hope it accorded you the honour of its contumely.

MR. PHILLIPS: It is all very well to treat the thing lightly, but it is a serious matter for the future of the drama. You may judge what was said of "Herod" from one little incident. On the morning after the production, before I had read the papers, I noticed a visible embarrassment in the demeanour of the stationmaster and porters (very good friends of mine), at the roadside station where I take the train for town. At last the stationmaster came up to me, very much as you might to the chief-mourner at a funeral, and said: "Well, well, sir, we mustn't take these things too much to heart." "What do you mean?" I asked. "I saw all about it in *The Paper*," he said—as if there were only one in all England. He had received the impression that the play was a dead failure, and you know whether that impression was a just one, either as regards its first-night reception, or its chances of popularity.

MR. PHILLIPS declared his conviction that the Elizabethan tradition depresses the drama, and the conversation proceeded:

MR. PHILLIPS: Well, then, we come back to our point of agreement, which is, that a deliberate rebellion against the Elizabethan tradition is the best hope for English poetic drama. That, at any rate, has always been my view; and I have tried to act up to it and enfranchise myself from the Shakespearean ideal. But people can't, or won't, see that.

W. A.: But have I not seen it stated that in "Ulysses" you are departing from these principles, and trying to produce something in the nature of an Elizabethan masque, rather than a condensed, organic drama?

MR. PHILLIPS: No, no; the opposite is the fact. The whole task before me is to make out of a series of disconnected episodes a well-knit drama, with "a beginning, a middle, and an end." My whole case, as against the Elizabethan drama, is that I claim to be judged rather by the cumulative effect of a whole work than by isolated, and even irrelevant, patches of splendour.

Talking of his future, Mr. Phillips confessed to being attracted by the story of David, Uriah, and Bathsheba,

a project which Mr. Archer warned him would probably never pass the censor:

In godless and tyrant-ridden countries like France, Italy and Germany, Racine could write "Esther" and "Athalie," Alfieri, "Saul," Sudermann "Johannes." But in free, enlightened and virtuous England, such enormities are not to be thought of. You may travesty and degrade religion in "The Sign of the Cross," but you must not lay unhallowed hands on an episode in Old Testament history.

MR. PHILLIPS: I suppose I should have to do as Massinger did with the story of Herod—make the characters mediæval Italians, or something of that sort, and so lose all the colour and character of the theme. No, I shall not do that; but I have another theme in my head. What do you say to the Tragedy of Wealth?—the idea of a man who inherits millions, and gradually realises how the millions have been built up through injustice, oppression, cruelty, until they become accursed in his eyes, and he can neither use them nor shake himself free of them? I think there is a tragedy in that—don't you?

W. A.: Certainly—a fine one. Bernard Shaw has approached the idea of the analysis of wealth from the satiric, the farcical, side; but you will have the tragic aspect of the theme all to yourself. What about form, though? If you don't treat wealth under modern conditions, the fable will lose half its force; and, on the other hand, do you think blank verse is compatible with modern costume?

MR. PHILLIPS: I don't see why it shouldn't be. But I might write the play in prose.

W. A.: Westland Marston tried the experiment of modern drama in blank verse, without any very decisive result, one way or another. But Westland Marston was only a somewhat subdued Sheridan Knowles.

MR. PHILLIPS: True, oddly enough, encourages me to try it in blank verse. He sees no difficulty in the matter. And now, good night. I have just time to catch my train.

W. A.: One word more: when are we to see "Paolo and Francesca"?

MR. PHILLIPS: As soon as Alexander can get it cast.

MEANWHILE Mr. W. D. Howells is great on "The New Poetic Drama," in the *North American Review*. His remarks are many points of the compass away from those of Mr. Archer and Mr. Phillips. His opinion of "Cyrano de Bergerac" is that it is tinsel, written for the theatre, "that arch-enemy of the drama." From this paradoxical interjection, Mr. Howells proceeds in this surprising strain:

I have to confess a like painful misgiving as to Mr. Stephen Phillips. I may be quite wrong, but, in reading this poet's tragedy of "Herod," I had an uncomfortable sense as of the presence of a third party, which, upon closer examination of my consciousness, appeared to be an actor. It was as if the poet had taken instruction of the player, whose business it is most strictly and obediently to take instructions of the poet, if their common art is to prosper in forms of permanent beauty. The poet, to this end, may indeed humbly and carefully study the stage, but mainly to save himself from its falsity, and learn how to bend its traditions to his own veracity. He cannot know it too well, in order to make himself its master; but he had better not learn it at all, if he intends to make it his master. His affair is supremely with the literary side of the drama. It is the subordinate affair of the actor to adapt himself to the poet's conception, and find it theatricable.

FINALLY, Mr. Howells places M. Rostand and Mr. Phillips together, and delivers a judgment which has at least the merit of being forcible and interesting. We have no doubt, also, that it can be endorsed as a statement, though the theories on which it rests are open to much discussion:

So far as M. Rostand and Mr. Phillips have possessed themselves of the theatre, they have taken it back to the time when it was still believed that the theatre must be



literary. But it must not be supposed that they are reforming the stage. The stage was already reformed. As poetry, Mr. Pinero's "Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" is greater than Mr. Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca," and a more heart-breaking tragedy than his "Herod" is the "Hännele" of Herr Hauptmann. "Un Drama Nuevo" of the Spanish dramatist, Estebanez, is a nobler melodrama on the romantic lines than "Cyrano de Bergerac"; and one hour of Ibsen in "Ghosts" or the "Wild Duck" or "Little Eyolf," or "Hedda Gabler," is full of more ennobling terror, more regenerative pathos, than all that both these poets have done.

In this same magazine Mr. Harold Begbie continues his series of characterisations in verse, called "Common Heroes." This month it is The Journalist. Mr. Raven Hill supplies a very good drawing of the Journalist in his littered den in the newspaper office, writing and thinking for dear life under the electric light, one hand holding the pen, the other groping for a galley-proof which he is conscious is being handed to him by a "devil." The strenuous yet mechanical glare in the Journalist's eye is very true to life. Mr. Begbie:

When you're wrapt in easy slumber in your comfortable crib,

He is scratching, scratching, scratching with a furious-driven nib,

He is listening, he is listening with a hot and aching head,  
To the clicking of the cables from the ocean's quiet bed;

Hark! the mighty press is stirring, hear its flyers flap and bang

Just a bimetallic column, just a par. on Li Hung Chang,  
Hurl the Muscovite a warning, set these blessed Generals right,

Give the Belleville Boiler toko, tell Lord Rosebery he must fight!

And if cables fail to chatter, if the world is calm and still,  
Roars the linotype for copy—O the columns he must fill!  
O the eggless incubation! O the rumour! O the myth!—  
For the fool who flings his penny on the stall of Mr. Smith!

Is not the publisher (asks the *Daily Chronicle*) becoming a little vulgar in his methods? The sandwich-man was bad enough. But now this sort of thing is thrust into one's letter-box: "Private. A personal friend recommends to your notice a new book entitled ——. It is written by a Mr. —, and published by —." This communication bears neither name nor address, except those of the publisher. Personal friends who meet one with handbills in the Strand suggest unthought-of extensions of Miss Harraden's *Ships that Pass in the Night*.

FROM the Pear-Tree Press, White Cottage, Shorne, near Gravesend, Kent—delectable address—comes once more the voice of culture crying delicate wares in the lanes of London. *Some Poems of Edgar Allen Poe*—only some, mark you!—and these "limited to 100 copies for sale in England and fifty in America," in six quarterly parts, price 5s. each; "the letterpress will be in the style of the best work of the eighteenth century, and will be set up and printed by the artist." Also, you may buy—at the Pear-Tree Press, White Cottage, Shorne, near Gravesend, Kent—*An Album of Drawings*, containing "twenty-six pictures, including 'The Seasons,' 'The Watcher,' 'Castle Wonderful,' 'Rye,' 'The Wood,' 'Elf,' 'When the Moon was Young,' 'The Avenue,' 'Moonlight after Rain,' 'Morning Star,' 'Will-o'-the-Wisp,' two book-plates, title-page, and cover designs. Price 3s. 6d." Also, in the "Brownie" series: "No. 2. 'Snaw-fleck; or, the Little White Veil: a Story for the Boys.' By Dolly Pentreath. Price 2s. (*Ready shortly*)." How pleasant it must be to make these books at the Pear-Tree Press, White Cottage, Shorne, near Gravesend, Kent. The maker is Mr. James Guthrie.

THE authors' profits on some novels which have sold largely in America in the past year are given as \$75,000, \$45,000, \$39,000, and \$30,000, and like sums. On this a writer in the New York *Evening Post* remarks:

Four of these novels have been dramatised, and are now presented on the stage. With one exception, the publishers are not in a position to state definitely what additional royalty the authors receive for the right of dramatisation. It is said that two authors sold the right for a stipulated amount. The lowest royalty considered for a success is usually five per cent. of the gross receipts of every performance. Those, therefore, whose good fortune has been associated with the three plays which have enjoyed continuous success since the early autumn, and often drawn audiences paying eight and nine thousand dollars a week, will have received between four and five hundred dollars every seven days from the theatrical manager. Old Dr. Johnson's notion that Thrale's brewery afforded "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dream of avarice" may be suggested in comparison with the idea of wealth aroused by the contemplation of the new novelist's revenues. And it should be added that two of these novels were published serially, for which separate payment was received before they were brought out in book form.

THESE chances of wealth must powerfully affect the book-market. But we take with a sufficient pinch of salt the following vaticinations in the *Literary Era*:

It is reported from London that many English publishers who have hitherto established no branch houses in America will speedily open them. It is even intimated that some of the greater houses, long represented here by branches, will transfer their headquarters to the country which has begun to be the depot of their largest sales. They will retain their London offices merely as branches.

For during the past twelvemonth English books published in London have often found their most remunerative market here and not in England. If such be the record for a year, what may we expect from the next decade?

This portent is big with promise for the future. . . . It is not impossible that within the lives of men now living the United States may become the centre of distribution for the literature of the world!

Not only English authors, but German, French, Russian, Italian, and other authors will have to send their MSS. for approval and acceptance, not to the great cities of their own land, but to Philadelphia, to Boston, to New York, mayhap to Chicago and San Francisco.

THE discussion on the subject of "Vastness and Isolation" in the *Spectator* has been quite a big thing. The mood the contributors refer to is one well-known to essentially "introspective" writers, who, for some reason, have not been quoted at all. Thus, in Amiel's *Journal Intime*, to which we made reference last week elsewhere, we light on the following passage, a favourite of M. Paul Bourget, by the way:

Shall I ever enjoy again those marvellous reveries of past days—as, for instance, once, when I was still quite a youth, in the early dawn, sitting among the ruins of the castle of Fancigny; another time, in the mountains above Lency, under the mid-day sun, lying under a tree and visited by three butterflies; and, again, another night on the sandy shore of the North Sea, stretched full length upon the beach, my eyes wandering over the Milky Way? Will they ever return to me, those grandiose, immortal, cosmogonic dreams in which one seems to carry the world in one's breast, to touch the stars, to possess the infinite? Divine moment, hours of ecstasy, when thought flies from world to world, penetrates the great enigma, breathes with a respiration longer, tranquil, and profound like that of the ocean, and hovers serene and boundless like the blue heaven! Visits from the Muse Urania, who traces round the foreheads of those she loves the phosphorescent nimbus of contemplative power, and who pours into their hearts the tranquil intoxication, if not the authority, of genius—moments of irresistible intuition in which a man feels himself great as the universe and calm like God! . . . What hours, what memories!

In a similar spirit we have Obermann (Sénancour) by the Lake of Bienne.

My path lay beside the green waters of the Thiele. Feeling inclined to muse, and finding the night so warm that there was no hardship in being all night out of doors, I took the road to St. Blise. I descended a steep bank, and got upon the shore of the lake where its ripple came up and expired. The air was calm; everyone was at rest; I remained there for hours. Towards morning, the moon shed over the earth and waters the ineffable melancholy of her last gleams. Nature seems unspeakably grand, when, plunged in a long reverie, one hears the rippling of the waters upon a solitary strand in the calm of a night still enkindled and luminous with the setting moon.

Sensibility beyond utterance, charm and torment of our vain years; vast consciousness of a nature everywhere greater than we are, and everywhere impenetrable; all-embracing passion, ripened wisdom, delicious self-abandonment—everything that a mortal heart can contain of life-weariness and yearning, I felt it all, I experienced it all, in this memorable night. I have made a grave step towards the age of decline, I have swallowed up ten years of life at once. Happy the simple, whose heart is always young.

MISS CROTTIE, two of whose books we have reviewed, has a tale of tribulation to tell concerning her book *The Lost Land*. This book, we learn, was shown to a friend of Miss Crottie, who took it away with her to read, and without the consent of the authoress sent it for inspection to a London publisher. The publisher lost the manuscript, and no trace of it could be discovered, so Miss Crottie rewrote the whole book. The new manuscript was then sent to the editor of a London magazine, and the second manuscript was also lost, and has never been recovered. Miss Crottie bore up, however, went to work again, and wrote out her book for the third time.

#### LONDON AND ART.

ACCORDING to the poet Yeats,  
Who loves the Arts our London hates.  
Lovers of London, yet take heart!  
Life is a better thing than Art.  
London shall claim her champions, sure,  
Though Yeats be championed by George Moore.

### Bibliographical.

VERY many, I feel sure, will be glad to know that we are to have, at last, a complete edition of the works of Hazlitt. Such an edition—or an edition described as complete—is on record as published in 1890 by Messrs. Gibbings. I never saw it, however, and I am told that it was merely a reprint from existing plates. Nor can I discover how far it was “complete” or not. Perhaps some Hazlitt collector will enlighten us on the point. Even as it is, we can obtain, in Bohn’s “Cheap Series,” the *Table Talk*, the *Plain Speaker*, the *English Poets*, the *English Comic Writers*, the *Characters of Shakespeare’s Plays*, and the *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*. Moreover, the *Liber Amoris* was re-issued in 1893, under the editorship of Mr. Le Gallienne, and the *Conversations with Northcote*, in 1894, under the editorship of Mr. Gosse. Certain of Hazlitt’s theatrical criticisms have also been reproduced, under the title of *Dramatic Essays* (1894), and under the editorship of Mr. Archer and Mr. Lowe.

Towards the mere “popularisation” of Hazlitt a good deal has been done of late years. It was in 1889, I think, that the late Alexander Ireland brought out his book called *William Hazlitt, Essayist and Critic*, consisting of selections from the works and a sympathetic and appreciative memoir. In the same year came from Messrs. Walter Scott a little volume of selected essays. This,

again, was followed in 1894 by a gathering of selected essays for which Mr. Brimley Johnson was responsible, Messrs. Putnam being the publishers. This is all very well, but a complete edition of Hazlitt’s writings remains a desideratum, and it is pleasant to think that it is to be so soon within our reach. If the *Liber Amoris* were to be deliberately excluded from it, I for one should not complain; and probably many would be pleased to hear that Messrs. Dent had determined to exclude it. It is obtainable by those who desire to obtain it, but it has nothing whatever to do with William Hazlitt the man of letters, and must always remain to his discredit. Let it be omitted from the “Works.”

In a “note” printed in his new book, *Anni Fugaces*, Mr. R. C. Lehmann remarks that “a few of the pieces included in this volume have already appeared in book form.” The pieces are ten, in number, and, while five of them were included in the author’s *In Cambridge Courts* (1891), the other five figured in his *Billsbury Election* (1892). All ten first appeared in print in the *Granta* from which *In Cambridge Courts* was almost wholly taken. The *Billsbury Election* volume was made up of contributions to *Punch*, which also form the bulk of *Anni Fugaces*. I am sorry to see Mr. Lehmann reproducing for the second time his lines concerning Mr. Swinburne. One may wholly disagree with Mr. Swinburne’s depreciation of C. S. Calverley (as one regrets his sneers at A. H. Clough); but a difference in critical opinion is no excuse for the expressions which Mr. Lehmann permits himself to use in the stanzas headed “A. C. S. v. C. S. C.”

An edition *de luxe* of the “Mermaid” series of English dramatists will no doubt appeal powerfully to many; but still more satisfactory, perhaps, to the general public would have been an extension of the series. At present the dramatists represented are: Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Ford, Chapman, Massinger, Middleton, Dekker, Heywood, Webster, Tourneur, Shirley, Otway, Wycherley, Congreve, Steele, and Vanbrugh. Webster and Tourneur figure together; the others have a volume, two volumes, or three volumes to themselves, as the case may be. It would be easy to suggest additions. One misses Farquhar, for example, though, of course, we have him in the two-volume form edited by Mr. Ewald. The series, it will be remembered, was started by Messrs. Vizetelly, and afterwards taken over by Mr. Unwin.

A correspondent writes from Liverpool to remind me that in my note on the English biographies of Savonarola I omitted to mention that which was written by Father Lucas and published in 1899. I am obliged to him for the reminder, and may add that I also forgot to refer to the *Life* by J. L. O’Neil, published in 1898. I still think there is room for Mr. Horsburgh’s neat and useful monograph. Savonarola, by the way, was the central figure of a drama by Mr. W. J. Dawson which came out last year, and which I feel I ought to have read. But, if I remember rightly, it is in verse, and the perusal of “poetical” plays is, perhaps, one of those duties which one may always be forgiven for postponing. Besides, I remember very well the *Savonarola* of the Poet Laureate; and, really, one has “not now that strength which in old days”—and so forth, and so forth.

“Laboremus,” I take it, is the fourth play by Bjornson to see the light in English. I mentioned two—“A Gauntlet” and “Pastor Sang”—the other day. A translation of his “Sigurd Slembe,” published at Boston, U.S.A., was circulated in this country so far back as 1888. It had already been introduced to the English reader by Mr. Robert Buchanan, in his volume of prose essays, entitled *Master-Spirits* (1873). Mr. Buchanan then thought “Sigurd Slembe” “the masterpiece” of its author—“a drama of which any living European author might be proud.”

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## A Bellona of Letters.

*Mrs. Lynn Linton: her Life, Letters, and Opinions.* By George Somes Layard. (Methuen. 12s. 6d.)

MR. SOMES LAYARD has produced a good average biography. He has discretion and judgment; he does not ignore or explain away his subject's shortcomings; his selection of letters is, on the whole, well-proportioned, if he has not entirely avoided the usual fault of giving trivial scraps of notes which neither illustrate character nor have intrinsic interest. Yet, though candid, his attitude towards his subject is that of personal admiration, as it should be. Sympathy and personal knowledge are a main ingredient in this form of literature: most of the great biographies have been written by admiring friends, from the *Agricola* of Tacitus to Lockhart's *Scott*. Perhaps Walton's *Donne* and the bulk of Johnson's *Lives* are the chief examples of successful biography without personal knowledge.

For all its friendly sympathy, nevertheless, this *Life* hardly develops a sympathetic personality. Mrs. Linton's chief triumphs belonged to the 'sixties and 'seventies; and they scarce seem formed for perpetuity. With many executive qualities beyond the average, she lacked the novelist's central gift—the power of breathing into her characters the breath of life. At least two of her novels, by her biographer's confession, commit the error of making the hero what Mr. Henley would call "a female in breeches"—a male materialisation of Mrs. Linton herself. Her essays, and often her novels, are apt to be spoiled by excessive *parti pris*. Excess, indeed, was her literary bane, as she herself knew. In a letter to Mr. Herbert Spencer she says:

Try as I may, I cannot get to that most valuable of all literary qualities—reserve—the quality which no writer possessed to more perfection than my dear old "father" Landor. He used to say that he always left a subject before he had sated his reader, and always left it suggested rather than explained . . . but I have the tendency to "pour out" and "slop over."

Whether this be in all respects true of Landor (it certainly is in some) may be questioned. But it is no marvel Mrs. Linton could not attain in letters what she had not in her nature. The novel which remains the pivot of her reputation, *Joshua Davidson*, is acknowledged by Mr. Layard to be a brilliant pamphlet in the form of a novel; and the description might be extended to others besides *Joshua Davidson*. Reserve was not in her, but the lust of combat was. She has admitted that she was an angry and rebellious girl, and to the last she remained an angry and rebellious woman. Neither age nor experience could allay that *maelström* in petticoats. She displays throughout the volume a self-centred egoism, a self-righteousness of judgment and conduct, which, allied to the wrathful energy with which she backed her own convictions in life and literature, could hardly fail to make for unhappiness. As a child in her father's rough Cumberland parish she felt herself misunderstood and misused by her large circle of brothers and sisters, and the dissatisfaction companioned her through life. She was a female Ishmael among her family; to the kindly gardener "t' plague o' t' 'varsal woorld": she gained by revolt permission to try her literary fortune in London; she revolted against Christianity, revolted against the disabilities of women, and revolted against female revolt, when revolt became a female fashion. She had a lust for minorities and desperate causes. She married a social revolutionary, whom she did not love, because he himself (in domestic matters) needed to be revolutionised; and revolted from him when the reformer refused to be reformed. Against herself alone she neither revolted nor

saw the call for revolt. She spent the latter years of her life in a war where quarter was neither given nor taken against the "advanced" feminine movement which she had lent hand and knee to set a-rolling. She had personal quarrels, as might be expected from a woman so angry and impatient; yet fewer than might have been anticipated. For with all the relentless extremes of her character in regard to ideas, she was not without toleration for persons opposed to her, and her heart was as hot as her head. She passionately worshipped her elder brother Arthur, and her slightly elder sister Lucy; she adored a lady who captured her girlish imagination; and these things in her immature days. In after life she had ardent friendships, and was beloved by many. Nor were her polemics without reason, if violent; nor her changes without foundation, if sudden. She turned against the woman's movement, because it outwent just limits, to seek what was impossible were it not mischievous, and mischievous were it not impossible. But being what she was, she fought immoderately for moderation, and opposed excess excessively.

Yet with all her prickliness she was not a bitter woman, though she kept the heathen rule of holding fast both services and injuries; nor with all her dissatisfactions was she a soured woman. "I never lose heart," she wrote to Mrs. Layard. "Life is to me so dear, so precious, so lovely! I want to live and work and love and admire, and see sunsets and flowers, and kiss sweet faces of dear friends, and watch the progress of events." That last touch is Kiplingesque, and naturally she admired Kipling. Half masculine, though not mannish, her tastes in literature or life were for strong things and noble: she had an instinctive distaste for the petty illogicalities and weaknesses of the average woman, though not intolerant towards them. Curiously, but not surprisingly, this headstrong, irascible Ishmaelish woman found her mate in that headstrong, irascible Ishmael of a man—Landor. To the day of Landor's death they were "father" and "daughter" to each other, and she tended him like a daughter during her visits. For the time she was with him she bowed her belligerent nature to acquiesce and the silent avoidance of contradiction. Bellona tending the stormy old Mars—it is a pretty picture. Very characteristic are her pictures of him. Here is her first encounter with him in "Mr. Empson's old curiosity shop" at Bath, whither she was taken by Dr. Brabant (whom she alleged to have been the original of George Eliot's Casaubon):

We saw what seemed a noble-looking old man, badly dressed in shabby snuff-coloured clothes, a dirty old blue necktie, unstarched cotton shirt—with a front more like a nightgown than a shirt—and "nubbly" apple-pie boots. But underneath the rusty old hat-brim gleamed a pair of quiet and penetrating grey-blue eyes; the voice was sweet and masterly; the manner that of a man of rare distinction. . . . I remember how the blood came into my face as I dashed up to him with both hands held out, and said, "Mr. Landor? oh! is this Mr. Landor?" as if he had been a god suddenly revealed. And I remember the amused smile with which he held both my hands in his, and said, "And who is this little girl, I wonder?"

No man could well resist that from a girl—certainly not Landor. Soon she was privileged to know Mars in his tantrums.

He was always looking and overlooking, and then the tumult that would arise was something too absurd, considering the occasion. He used to stick a letter into a book; then, when he wanted to answer it, it was gone—and someone had taken it—the only letter he wanted to answer—that he would rather have forfeited a thousand pounds than have lost, and so on. Or he used to push his spectacles up over his forehead, and then declare they were lost, lost for ever. He would ramp and rave about the room at such times as these, upsetting everything that came in his way, declaring that he was the most unfortunate man in the world or the greatest fool or the most

inhumanly persecuted. I would persuade him to sit down and let me look for the lost property, when he would sigh in deep despair, and say there was no use in taking any more trouble about it, it was gone for ever. When I found it, as, of course, I always did, he would say "Thank you" as quietly and naturally as if he had not been raving like a madman half a minute before.

Yet better is the companion picture of how Boythorne—we mean Landor—lost his dog; but it is long. We must quote the admirable account of her first interview with J. D. Cooke of the *Morning Chronicle*, afterwards the famous editor of the *Saturday Review*:

A tall, cleanly shaved, powerfully built man, with a smooth head of scanty red hair; a mobile face instinct with passion; fiery, reddish hazel eyes; a look of supreme command; an air of ever vibrating impatience and irascibility, and an abrupt but not unkindly manner, standing with his back to the fireplace, made half a step forward, and held out his hand to me as I went into the room. "So! you are the little girl who has written that queer book [*Anymane*], and want to be one of the press-gang, are you?" he said, half smiling, and speaking in a jerky and unprepared manner, both singular and reassuring. I took him in his humour and smiled too. "Yes, I am the woman," I said. "Woman you call yourself? I call you a whippersnapper," he answered, always good-humouredly. "But you seem to have something in you. We'll soon find it out if you have. I say, though, youngster, you never wrote all that rubbish yourself! Some of your brothers helped you. You never scratched all those queer classics and mythology into your own numskull without help. At your age it is impossible." [She told him eagerly she did.] On which my new friend . . . startled me as much as if he had fired off a pistol in my ear, first by his laughter and then by the volley of oaths which he rolled out—oaths of the strangest compounds and oddest meanings to be heard anywhere—oaths which he himself made at the moment. . . . But as he laughed while he blasphemed, and called me "good girl" in the midst of his wonderful expletives, he evidently did not mean mischief. . . . After he had exhausted his momentary stock of oaths, he clapped me on the back with the force of a sledgehammer, and said: "You are a nice kind of little girl, and I think you'll do."

One is not surprised to know he ultimately quarrelled with her. But for the many attractive sidelights which the biography casts on eminent men we must leave the reader to the book itself, which has full store of interest. A woman whose work won the praise of Dickens, Landor, Swinburne, and a bead-roll of illustrious men and women, numbers of whom respected herself no less than her books, cannot leave a record otherwise than attractive, whether or not we are able to share their sympathy with her character.

### The End of an Age.

*Treason and Plot: Struggles for Catholic Supremacy in the Last Years of Queen Elizabeth.* By Martin A. S. Hume. (Nisbet. 16s.)

"It is generally supposed," writes Major Hume with reason, "that with the defeat of the Armada the strenuous attempts to bring England again into the circle of the Roman Catholic Church and to a close alliance with Spain came to an end." The continuous efforts, English and foreign, to achieve this end in the last years of Elizabeth are the matter of his book, and for his purpose the Spanish MSS. transcribed by him at Salamanca, with a variety of other little-known documents—Irish, Venetian, English—have been skilfully used. The result is a vivacious narrative, upon the accuracy of which it is possible to rely with reasonable security.

It was a troubled England that awaited the inevitable end of that great reign. Sublime and ridiculous by turns, heroic and pusillanimous, staving off the burden of years

by flaunting the equipage of youth, Elizabeth was the enigmatic point upon which the eyes of Europe speculated. Spain's prestige was not yet folded away; but to those who knew best, the terror of her threatenings was discounted by the knowledge that she was already in full decadence. The nerves of her corporate life converged upon a centre that no longer responded to their message; every vital function depended upon a mind that had grown dull and dilatory—upon a will more than ever absolute but now half palsied. The centralising policy of Philip II. had resulted in an administrative dry-rot.

Where there were soldiers, arms and clothes were lacking; stores rotted in one place whilst troops starved in another; no money could be obtained from Madrid except for wasteful shows and the endowment of monasteries. Plague and famine were devastating the land, and Lisbon itself was a wilderness, for nearly the whole population had died or fled.

The faith of Philip in the cause of which for so many years he had been the champion has won the pity and admiration of so unsympathetic a watcher as Froude; in these pages the King shows no less faithful indeed to the Church, but with a fidelity in which divine and human motives are so blent as to leave the onlooker doubtful after all. The safeguarding—if one should not rather write the restoration—of Spanish dominion, identified with his personal and family aggrandisement, shows itself as no mere accident of his outlook; and that, particularly in his intercourse with the King of Scots. No one played quite so poor a part in what, after all, as we look back on it, is a sorry drama, as this Stuart. In later life James found the Anglican Prelacy greatly to his liking; it suited him very well to unite in his own august person the functions of Pope and Curia. But in these early days, when he was still one of a crowd of possible claimants, he was ready to remember that his mother was a Catholic, and somewhat of a martyr; and his intrigues with Tyrone in Ireland, and the left-handed overtures he made to the King of Spain what time his right hand was inditing conciliatory letters to Elizabeth, are sufficiently contemptible stuff. Not that she was ever deceived by him; and "Look you not," she furiously wrote, "that without large amends I may or will slupper up such indignities." Major Hume points out the irony of the situation. Philip desired, indeed, the restoration of the Catholic religion, but not in the least to put on the throne a nominal convert to the exclusion of his own blood: those two interests were hardly to be distinguished in the mind of the egoist.

One other principal player: his character, his methods, the question how far he identified himself with the remnant of genuine plots which may cautiously be accepted as authentic out of the fantastic confessions of wretches half crazy with fear or torment, are still—and at this moment more particularly—matter of dispute. But Father Parsons played the great game—that is clear. No peddling compromise, no "huddling up," for him or for those under his obedience. Toleration, the heart's desire of the scattered missionaries of the secular clergy, was the last thing he sought. That the kingdoms of this world should become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Vicar—with a whole soul he sought that. With a clear-cut purpose he set a mind which Major Hume ranks with Burghley's own to use as best he might the ill-tempered instruments he found to his hand. Within the limitations of the divine law they should serve him to the uttermost—if not, as many think, beyond. The ideal upon which he fixed his gaze was outworn; his success would have spelt disaster for the nation, and have turned back indefinitely the flowing tide of her imperial development. Yet to the modern man his is the most interesting of the strenuous figures upon that stage. In some sort the principle of religious liberty owes a measure of its security to the frustrate enterprise of the great English Jesuit.



## The Yellow Peril.

*A Year in China.* By Olive Bigham. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

*The Siege of the Peking Legations.* By the Rev. Roland Allen. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)

THE drama in China, the last act of which is, we hope, being played out now, has brought forth a plentiful crop of books historical and actual. The two volumes before us deal with the stirring events of the past year in the Far East. Mr. Olive Bigham is already known for some other books of travel. His present work is a record of nearly eighteen months' travel in the Far East, twelve of which were spent in China. Mr. Bigham just missed being shut up in the Legation when the Europeans in Peking were besieged, and thus obtained the experience of going out with Admiral Seymour's abortive expedition to the relief of Sir Claude Macdonald and his companions. This expedition, although it came to nothing, served to show what was the real attitude of the Chinese authorities to all foreigners in the Empire, and well deserves its chronicler, for some hours of glorious life were crowded into the short time it was away from Tientsin. On its return, the last hope of the expedition seemed to be to take the Chinese arsenal near Tientsin. It did so with a dash which, considering how exhausted the men were, must be considered a very brilliant feat of arms. But the worst was by no means over. This is the state of things Mr. Bigham describes just before the arrival of the relief forces:

At the Arsenal a dust-storm raged all day long, and during it we enjoyed a short respite from attack. But our spirits were not very high. Every evening hurried burials, with bullets flying over the common grave; every day renewed fears for our friends in Peking and Tientsin; every night the same forlorn expectation of a returning messenger who never came. We had long ago run out of rum, and had finished most of the ration beef and biscuit; but having, luckily, found several tons of rice in the Chinese barracks, and occasionally picking up a troop horse of the Imperial cavalry that we had shot, we contrived to exist. The wounded now numbered two hundred and thirty, and we had besides sixty-four dead. These losses, with the necessary reductions for defence, reduced our effective attacking strength so much that any sortie, except for foraging purposes, was quite precluded.

Turning to the comedy side of the question, Mr. Bigham has some very amusing remarks on the discussions which take place at the Tsungli-Yamen between the ambassadors and the ministers:

Suppose, for instance, the proposal of a British company to build a railway from Peking to the North Pole is under consideration, the Chinese objections (for there always are objections) are somewhat as follows: (1) The south aspect of the Confucian Gate at Kalfan would be subjected to a hot, unbeneficial, not to say blighting influence by the engines passing near it. (2) The Patagonian envoy would be angry. (3) The honourable inns at Peking would be so crowded by poor ignorant people coming in to see the new magnificent railway that there might be a devastating famine. (4) It would be necessary to obtain the consent of all the Mongol princes along the route selected. This would take time and cost money. Who would pay for it? (5) The feelings of many other people (not stated who) would certainly be hurt if they were not asked to take a share in the construction (and the profits). And so on. This is the usual class of opposition one has to deal with; and as fast as one argument is met another equally futile is advanced.

Mr. Bigham writes in an easy, flowing, but occasionally slipshod style. He splits his infinitives, and gets "under" his circumstances; but, putting these weaknesses aside, he is an amusing guide to the countries and events with which he has had to do.

The other book on China is the diary of the Rev. Roland Allen, M.A., called *The Siege of the Peking Legations*,

Mr. Allen was the Acting Chaplain to H.B.M.'s Legation in Peking, and was all through the siege. But he does not profess to write a history of that time; he only gives as true and as clear an account as he can of the general course of events, and of the effect which they produced on the besieged community. The main narrative extends from May 29 to August 27, 1900, and tells what happened in a simple and straightforward way that bears the stamp of actuality upon it. Mr. Allen had a good deal to do with the hospital, and his testimony to the pluck and gratitude of the Japanese wounded is very touching. The want of artillery was much felt; and the first exploits of the gun which was known as "Betsy," or the "International," are thus recounted:

Some Chinese brought in an old iron cannon which they had found in one of the shops in the Legation street, and it was determined to use that. At first it was argued that it was of British make, and had been left behind in 1860, and later it was reported that the date 1860 was actually on the gun. So stories grow! The gun was, in fact, one of the common Chinese iron cannon such as were to be seen in abundance in the City or on the Tartar wall, but it was good enough to serve our turn. The first thing was to clear the bore, then to remove a large part of the charge from the Russian shell, then to mount the gun on a carriage, finally to find a man brave enough to fire it off. Happily there were plenty such, but the honour was given to Mitchell as the inventor. The gun was mounted on 'ricksha wheels, and was fired with care. The result was magnificent; there was a deafening din, the gun turned head over heels, the 'ricksha wheels went to pieces, and the whole was mixed up in glorious confusion; but it had not burst, and henceforth it was a piece of value, and was mounted on a spare carriage belonging to the Italian one-pounder.

The arrival of the relief force in the Legation is thus described:

All the morning the conversation ran on the attempt to guess the hour at which the Allies would get in. Some thought before noon; others said it would take twenty-four hours to capture the gates. The morning was fairly quiet, and one had leisure to talk and to listen to the sounds of battle waged outside. Some went up to the wall of the city to watch the shelling of the gates. . . . I was busy all the morning till nearly two o'clock, and then I had just gone to lie down for a short rest after the somewhat scanty sleep of the last night, when suddenly I heard cheering in the compound, and, rushing out, I saw Sikhs coming on to the lawn. Everybody was there, cheering, clapping, waving handkerchiefs, shaking hands. Then came General Gaselee and his staff, and then more Sikhs, and more, until the lawn was fairly covered with them. We were all dancing for joy, and some could scarcely restrain their tears. One or two of the ladies could not appear in public. Men realised that one hour's joy can efface and outbalance years of trouble and pain.

This extract gives an idea of Mr. Allen's style. His book is valuable because it does not wander off into disquisitions on diplomacy or military tactics, but describes merely what he saw from the point of view of a besieged non-combatant.

## Chatter about Wedlock.

*Her Royal Highness, Woman.* By Max O'Rell. (Chatto. 6s.)

Books about love and marriage do not become classics; stories of lovers and wives do. This is a book about love and marriage, and it testifies in every page to the incoherence of a subject which touches men too singly and personally to integrate itself. There is all the artificiality of chapter headings which betrays the elusiveness of that art which it is assumed exists. But marriage is not an art; it is mainly the field in which the natural man and the natural woman have the widest play, whether for good

or evil; and the precepts which make for happy marriages ought all to have been instilled, and adopted long before the marriageable age is reached. Johnson knew this when he said that the man who is fit for marriage is pat for anything; and Stevenson knew it when he said that, once married, a man is bound to be good at whatever cost.

All of which would rule books of this kind out of court, and is mere tiresome profundity to those who, being about to marry, or see their friends marry, want literature pat for the occasion. Such literature is never long in coming, and it is well that it should be as superficially wise and witty as we find it in Max O'Rell's book. It is not well that it should be hung about with such tiresome vulgarities as this:

Never go down on your knees to declare your love: you will spoil your trousers and feel very uncomfortable. Rather give the lady an opportunity of denying that you were on your knees before her, for the simple reason that she was sitting on them.

However, Max O'Rell is not often on this level. He is usually talking very pleasantly, scattering seeds of wisdom in the sun. He would have a woman marry young so that her husband may see her beauty ripen from eighteen to forty. He believes in forty. At eighteen a woman is a Watteau, but at forty she is a Rubens. She then has knowledge, self-possession, and the joy of happiness that has been and will be. A man's rule should be to marry a woman whose years are half his own, plus seven; and he should not marry before thirty: sound advice, as advice goes. "Never marry a woman richer than you, or one taller than you, or one older than you. Be always gently superior to your wife in fortune, in size, and in age." Begin slowly: "in matrimony it is not 'All is well that ends well'; it is All is well that begins well, and not too well." "Quarrel with your wife, but never bore her." "If your wife loses her temper, keep cool as a cucumber and enjoy the scene. The effect will be marvellous and instantaneous." "If the day after you are married you discover that your wife is perfect, run away for your life." And so on. Here is a point more definitely interesting:

I have always pitied the English-speaking people for using the second person singular only when addressing the Almighty. . . . Where is the Frenchwoman who does not remember with a thrill of pleasure the never-to-be-forgotten moment when her lover, after many times saying to her "Je vous aime," got emboldened enough, by her return of his deep affection, to change "Je vous aime" into "Je t'aime"?

On the whole Max O'Rell is against marriage for the literary man and the artist:

I have come across hundreds of cases where artistic and literary efforts have been checked, and sometimes killed outright, by the petty cares and worries of domestic life. The brain-worker is easily irked and tormented by the most trivial things. He is irritable and most sensitive. I have known literary men put right off their work for days simply because devoted woman came into their studies, and, after giving them an encouraging kiss, carried off their pens to make out their washing list.

"Hundreds of cases," Dear, dear. True, some wives borrow the pen in order to write books themselves. But Max O'Rell does not favour the literary woman. Consistently he leans toward the "little goose."

### More Love-Letters.

*Rosa Amorosa*. By George Egerton. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

In this volume of fictitious love-letters are disclosed the thoughts and feelings of a certain individual, or, more correctly, the ideal held by the authoress, as to a

captivating woman's thoughts and feelings upon the great emotional crisis of existence.

In these fictitious self-revelations there are of course no relentless exposures, but in their place charming Ideals of conduct, pretty phrasing, artistic scenes and pictures, brief, selected stories of the rarer ways of love-making, and some admirably written, if not too original, criticisms upon various subjects—feminism, love, conventions, rousing more and more in the reader a regretful impression of futility, sentimentality, and undesirable insistence upon personal rarity and fascination. This is how the lady writes to her lover:

Heart of my heart, tenderly cherished half of me . . . I had learned no better way till you taught me, served no light apprenticeship, never cheapened myself with playful bartering. Had listened long years to the love-bird calling in the Holy of Holies of my heart. . . . Sometimes I stole in there alone, into the inner sanctuary of myself, and lit the lamp, a crystal lamp, untrimmed by any hands but my own.

And no man has ever entered into the outer court; I have sat alone in there with my dreams. But now the door is always ajar, and you come and go there at will, and the echo of your footsteps is pleasant to hear, and your tones penetrate to the inner court.

This is the writing of fictitious love-letters. That of the genuine ones is for the most part not of a similar nature. Two of the greatest poets of the last century, for instance, wrote sufficient love-letters to fill two volumes, and the public, having read them, was literally aghast. Little trivial circumstances, little simple details of ordinary life, little well-worn unelaborated endearments, formed the substance of them. These love-letters, for all their sincerity and grace, had nothing, or next to nothing, for the general reader. As a matter of fact, it would have been a depressing fact if they had. Fewer things are more comforting—since it has become permissible to publish the love-letters of great people—than the flatness of their reception, and the extreme thinness of the material they afford, for the sentimentality now agog.

Pretty writing *Rosa Amorosa* contains in abundance, as: "The milky way is marvellous, exquisite, a lace-work of glittering spangles on the blue-grey drapery of night"; and "It was warmer last night than I have ever known it in England, silken warm, so that one thought of lagoons with flesh-warm water washes and tropical whisperings, and pearls and coral spikes and gleaming fishes." Now and again, moreover, in *Rosa Amorosa*, comes a cry that rings true from within; also, its feminism does not suffer the quaint lapses of the Englishwoman volume. The reader is not staggered by the "commas" and "colons" and "the elaborate central composition where the heart of me has to come" with which "An Englishwoman" makes explicit a new gown to her lover. Nevertheless, in the end the result is very similar: affectation and artificiality equally oppress the atmosphere of both. As a text-book in terms of endearment *Rosa Amorosa* would, however, satisfy the most exorbitant. Here are some of the gems scattered richly through the volume: "My twin soul"; "You dear, dear, fine spun silk of a man"; "Dearest, dear thing"; "Heart friend, true lover, and shaper of my destiny"; "Dear, good little man"; "My golden-tongued little man"; "Master weaver of the fabric which makes life golden"; "You whimsicality in breeches."

If the public, and it is said there is no supply without demand, requires its literature supplemented by men and women's love-letters, let it turn to the thin volume known in English as the *Love-Letters of a Portuguese Nun*. Then having felt the force of love as it comes from the heart of a woman anguished beyond endurance, let it finger again the dainty correspondences of distinguished fiction, and see what value will emerge from them as forms of love-utterance—not enough let it be hoped to stand in future as the perfect exemplar of the English epistle to the Beloved.



## "The Friend."

*War's Brighter Side.* By Julian Ralph. (Pearson. 6s.)

THIS book consists of snippets from the *Friend* newspaper, edited by the Press correspondents who were with Lord Roberts at Bloemfontein, and connecting narrative matter by Mr. Ralph. The result is rather ponderous and perplexing. A newspaper produced under such conditions does not make up well into a book between the cloth covers of civilisation. The wit, too, excellent, doubtless, on the spot, is a rather spent shell in London. The *Friend* was started at the instigation of Lord Roberts for the entertainment and information of the troops. The office and type of *The Friend of the Free State* were bought over for a month for £200, this sum being guaranteed by the Earl of Dudley, the Duke of Westminster, and Lord Stanley; and "on March 16, 1900, there glimmered (it cannot be said to have flashed) upon the Army, and the half-wondering, half-treacherous population of Bloemfontein, the first number of the *Friend*."

The new paper went ahead and paid profits. The largest daily circulation of any Bloemfontein paper had been 400 copies, but the *Friend* had a regular circulation of 5,000 to 5,500 copies daily. It was serious and eccentric by turns; now printing official announcements and now those "Fables for the Staff" which it was Mr. Kipling's joy to write. Mr. Kipling's coming was in this wise: "We have put you down as an editor of the *Friend*," said Mr. Landon, one of the three existing editors. "Well," Mr. Kipling replied, "I should have been mortally offended if you had not. Where's the office? I want to go to work as soon as I have finished my grape jam." And he went to work, and wrote his verses on Queen Victoria's order concerning the wearing of the green. "Oh, how good it is to be in a newspaper office again!" was his grateful ejaculation; and from his pen there flowed "Kopje-Book Maxims" like unto these:

Two Horses will shift a Camp if they be dead enough.

Spare the Solitary Horseman on the sky-line; he is bound to be a Britisher.

Abandoned Women and Abandoned Kopjes are best left alone.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves," as —'s Horse said when they found the poultry yard.

The Dead Gunner laughed at the Pom-pom.

There are ninety and nine roads to Stellenbosch, but only two to Pretoria. Take the other.

His "Fables for the Staff," six in all, are the cream of the volume. Here is one, called

## THE PERSUASIVE POM-POM.

A Field-Artillerist passing a newly-imported Pom-pom overwhelmed it with Contumely, saying, "What has a Gunner to do with an Unqualified Sewing-machine?"

To this the virtuous Mechanism returned no answer, but communicated these atrocious sentiments to a fellow Pom-pom in the Opposing Army which, later, catching the Field-battery crossing a Donga, gave it Ten-a-penny for two Minutes to the Confusion of all concerned.

"Alas!" said the Field-Artillerist as he watched his Leg disassociate itself from the Remainder of his Anatomy, "Who would have thought that an Implement officially rejected by the War Office and what is more, damned by Myself, could have done so neat a Trick?"

MORAL. Do not condemn the Unofficial. It hits hard.

Collectors are doubtless hunting high and low for copies of the *Friend*. We wonder whether anyone was shrewd enough to make a corner in them. Mr. Ralph says that a copy fetched £25 at a London charity bazaar.

## Other New Books.

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF  
HONORÉ DE BALZAC (1833-1842). BY D. F. HANNIGAN.

This is a large and fairly well produced English edition of the *Lettres à l'Etrangère* of Balzac, which were first put forth by M. de Lovenjoul in 1899, and of which an English translation, by Miss Katharine Wormeley, was published in Boston last year, under the title, *Letters to Madame Hanska*. It will be remembered that, in the preface to her edition, Miss Wormeley practically charged the Vicomte de Lovenjoul with having invented certain rather objectionable portions of the letters, and with having garbled and falsified them throughout, to the detriment of Balzac's reputation. The charge was a very serious one, but it broke down under examination; and there cannot be the least doubt that it is baseless. We are glad to observe that Mr. Hannigan, in his introduction, takes this view. It is also a satisfaction to us to note that, in the exhaustive article which we devoted to the disproof of Miss Wormeley's charge (ACADEMY, May 5, 1900), we were so fortunate as to hit upon an "intelligent anticipation" of Mr. Hannigan's own arguments. A couple of passages side by side will show this:

"ACADEMY," MAY 5, 1900. MR. HANNIGAN'S INTRODUCTION.

Falsification of dates. This charge rests solely on the single passage in Balzac's letter of January 1, 1846. Might not Balzac have made an error? People frequently mis-date the most important events of their lives. All these letters were written at speed, and Miss Wormeley herself remarks that "the man who wrote them never read them over." Also, is there anything to show positively that Balzac, in the quoted passage, was referring to the first letter received from Mme. Hanska? Might he not have been referring to some well-remembered letter in which the loved one first exhibited a special and (to him) transcendent tenderness?

By taking Balzac's words literally, it can also, of course, be argued that the date of the first letter in the present collection (January, 1833) is false. But criticism of this sort is not only superficial, but rather puerile. It is manifest that the *Lettres à l'Etrangère* were written in violent haste. Balzac had to snatch the time from his absorbing literary labours to write them, and he never read them over. We know that even men whose memory of events is exceptionally tenacious are apt to make mistakes as to dates, especially after the lapse of a number of years. Moreover in the passage which has been quoted it is possible that the "adorable letter" referred to was not the first letter received by him from Mme. Hanska, but the first in which she had given him some assurance of her attachment to him.

It is not often that "intelligent anticipation" can be so clearly established. The merits of the letters themselves we discussed in a second article (ACADEMY, May 19, 1900), so that it is unnecessary for us to deal at length with this present version. The translation is moderately good, but is disfigured by trifling misprints. At the end of the second volume is a useful chronological list of Balzac's works from the year 1829. (Authorised translation, with introduction and notes, by D. F. Hannigan, with portraits. 2 vols. Downey. 21s. net.)

A GARDEN DIARY.

BY EMILY LAWLESS.

To entitle a book *A Garden Diary: September 1899—September 1900* amounts nowadays to a promise to communicate garden lore, or, at any rate, garden thoughts. We say nowadays, because Miss Jekyll and Mrs. Earle set the present garden fashion, and both are expert gardeners; Miss Jekyll, indeed, hardly ever averting her eyes from the soil. Before they came, a book might have "garden" in its title and say never a practical word, and

no one would object. Mortimer Collins's *Thoughts in My Garden* and Dudley Warner's *Summer in a Garden*, for example, were books of genial philosophy first, and horticulture hardly at all. But one cannot leap back to that fashion without giving notice; especially in this intensely horticultural day, and that is the ground of our first little quarrel with Miss Lawless. She puts forth a book that on the face of it is a garden book, and the garden has only a small place in it, and is not written of to any purpose there. Our second objection is that *A Garden Diary* is not interesting. It has not charm. We protest with all our heart against an author who, entitling a comely-looking book "A Garden Diary," fills it with meditations on the war that is still dragging itself out. If there is one thing that is not to be thought of in gardens it is the slaughter of enemies; but Miss Lawless marks the progress of the campaign between September 1899 to September 1900 as if she were editor of a newspaper, instead of a lady at her ease in a beautiful spot with leisure to employ her mind on lovely things. The war is not the whole book, but the rest is very ordinary. We see no just cause for its publication at all. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

THE TRAINING OF THE BODY. BY F. A. SCHMIDT, M.D.,  
AND E. H. MILES, M.A.

In editing Dr. Schmidt's work for English readers Mr. Miles has added much and subtracted much. The resulting differences we need not attempt to estimate. Enough that we have here an admirably full treatise on the culture of the body, to which games are a means, and of which they are also an end. Mr. Miles is intensely scientific, and we do not know how many of his English readers will enter into such analyses as that of a lawn tennis stroke on pp. 24 and 29. But it is Mr. Miles's method to split a game or exercise up into its component parts, each of which is to be practised separately at odd moments. The book offers a whole system of physical education, and few readers will fail to find in it pages which appeal to their needs and experiences. For example, a man who is conscious that his walking step is unsightly or wasteful of muscle may probably derive great benefit from a careful perusal of the section on Walking, and from the encouraging statement that the natural step can be altered at will. In the sections dealing with the Brain there are some excellent hints. By far the most potent destroyer of brain freshness is unsuitable food. Heat deadens, or paralyses, the brain power of many; and Mr. Miles adds: "To do twelve hours' hard brainwork on a dozen Protene Biscuits and two apples is less likely to tire me than to do two hours' easy and slow brainwork on an ordinary diet. The waste products from animals' flesh probably are still waste products when they reach the brain, so that the effect is almost the same as if we had formed these waste products for ourselves by hours and hours of hard work." Everything that Mr. Miles says is said with conviction, and he evidently practises what he gently preaches. His own standpoint may partly be seen from this foot-note statement: "Personally, I avoid all flesh foods (fish, flesh, fowl) and eggs. I get my proteids chiefly from protene and cheese and other milk products; from Hovis bread, gluten, and other grain products; and from peas and lentils. I eat a great deal of fruit (fresh or stewed) and a certain amount of vegetables. I avoid stimulants and irritating sauces as much as is possible. I also avoid sugar; its immediate effect may be stimulating, but I cannot accept Kolb's account of it, for the ultimate and full effect is not considered." Excellently produced and illustrated, this work may without much reservation be recommended to those who care for the maxim: "Mens sana in corpore sano." (Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.)

THE ANNUAL REGISTER, 1900.

The *Annual Register* for 1900 is to the full as good as its predecessors—complete down to Index and Obituary.

What *Whitaker* is in facts, statistics, and general information, the *Annual Register* is in affairs. Here you may place your finger on the dying pulsations of the nineteenth century. Would you know what speech was made by this or that political leader on such an occasion, here you will find it summarised. Here are the manifestations of that dying year in literature, science, art, drama, music—in England, at least. But the political history does not stop short at England; its chronicles are world-wide. Here you may, indeed, "survey mankind from China to Peru," and the large mind of Johnson would have been delighted with the ample prospect. You may learn how they manage some things better in Japan, where the ruling Premier, feeling that the Chinese crisis needed a diplomatic ability which his rival possessed in more marked degree than himself, resigned to that rival without parliamentary defeat, putting the good of the nation before his own ambition. You may discover the delights of being a *chargé d'affaires* in Guatemala, where the German occupant of that position was attacked at night by masked agents of the secret police of the government to which he was accredited. You may learn the summary way they have in Venezuela with financiers who will not lend to a government in difficulties—where the directors of two leading banks were clapped up in prison for this offence. It is a book to enlarge the mind, which cannot be said of many year-books. (Longmans. 18s.)

FAIR GIRLS AND GRAY HORSES. BY WILL H. OGILVIE.

Mr. Ogilvie is a typical Australian poet. His metre swings along, his rhymes are frequent and satisfactory, and the Bush, horses, and sentiment jostle in his pages. Thought there is none, or next to none; feeling is everything; and Mr. Ogilvie's fluency is amazing. No poet who writes of horses with any sympathy can be altogether a bad poet; and Mr. Ogilvie is far better than that. This is the kind of thing:

O, some prefer a single,  
Or double not too free;  
But let the lead-bars jingle—  
It's Four-in-Hand for me;  
With a level road and a lively load,  
Whose chorus songs shall beat  
To the hoof-struck stars, and the rattling bars,  
And the ring of the red roans' feet.

Mr. Ogilvie's fancy for choruses will, we fear, block his way to becoming the Laureate of the Four-in-Hand Club; but his heart is in the right place. The book is almost always too wordy, too copious. Had Mr. Ogilvie shown oftener the restraint of the ballad "In Mulga Town," of which this is the first stanza, he would have made a more noteworthy book:

We played at love in Mulga town,  
And, O, her eyes were blue!  
We played at love in Mulga town,  
And love's a game for two.  
If three should play, alack-a-day!  
There's one of them will rue,  
Dear Heart!  
There's one of them will rue.

This is, perhaps, the best poem in the book. Mr. Ogilvie's verses, we observe, have had a great popularity in Australia. We wonder, by the way, what the poets are doing in connexion with the Royal visit. (The Bulletin Co.)

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT AND  
CANADIAN IMPERIALISM: A  
STORY AND A STUDY.

BY W. S. EVANS.

This is a very interesting and useful little record—interesting and useful for what it is not, no less than for what it is. The writer might so easily have missed his opportunity, have failed to see the thing that needed to be written. It might have been another story of the War, with special reference to an individual contingent of



roops, and so have been confounded with the flood of war-books which continues to flow long after the public thirst for them has been quenched to satiety. But it is by no means this. Part of its object is, indeed, to recount the doings of the Canadian troops in the South African campaigns; but the paramount purpose is to give a narrative of Canada's relation to the War. It deals much less with the men in the field than with the men at home, who were, for the first time in their history, experiencing the sensation of having kindred and countrymen fighting for the Empire far away from the mother-soil. It deals with the motives and policy of the Canadian Government, the spirit and feelings of the Canadian people, with the intimate and internal history of a great epoch and turning-point in the yet young life of the Lady of the Snows. The author makes it evident that Canada's hand was a little forced by the English Government (though he refuses to use that actual phrase), who sent a strong hint to Lord Minto regarding the absence of offered help from the Dominion Ministry at the outset of the War. But, he points out, the matter was then thought by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to be one of pure sentiment: not till the investment of Ladysmith did anyone dream the mother-country actually to need aid. The author has done a task for which there was room modestly and well. (Illustrated, and with six maps. Unwin. 6s.)

*How Sailors Fight*, by John Blake (Richards, 6s.), is a well-illustrated, plainly written account of the inner life and routine of the British Navy. Captain Hedworth Lambton contributes a short and appropriate introduction.

Mrs. Humphry's *Manners for Girls* (Unwin) is a pleasant little book of its kind. It gives good and shrewd advice on "The Dress Allowance," "At a Ball," "Manner," "Ladies' Clubs," the "Etiquette of Mourning," &c., &c.

*Adam Bede* continues to pour from the press, now that its period of copyright is ended. Mr. Dent's edition in the "Temple Classics" is a handy one in two volumes; but we have never thought that the format of this series, dainty as it is, is suited to fiction.

"The seed-baskets of our childhood" is the Rev. F. B. Meyer's prefatory phrase for those books of our first gropings in letters, *Peep of Day* and *Line upon Line*. There must be thousands who will feel an interest in the biography of their author, which Mrs. Meyer has written under the title of *The Author of the Peep of Day, Being the Life Story of Mrs. Mortimer*. It is a simple story simply told, and Mrs. Mortimer's friendship with Cardinal Manning before he took orders, and during his early Anglican career, adds to its interest. Not the least valuable thing in the book is the attractive portrait of Mrs. Mortimer from a drawing by Mr. George Richmond, R.A.

To the fourth edition of his manual on *Modern Cremation* (Smith, Elder) Sir Henry Thompson has added fresh matter, bringing the history of the practice of modern cremation up to the present date. As before, there are six chapters and an appendix. The first three chapters relate the history of the movement "after direct communication with the numerous crematoria in Europe and in America, with complete statistics showing the progress of cremation up to the year 1900." The remaining chapters contain a consideration of the subject in its various bearings, and the appendix provides practical information.

A few copies of *Abdul Intime*, the book describing the private life of the Sultan, have reached this country. The volume seems to have been widely read in Sweden. We hear that at the instance of the Turkish Ambassador in Stockholm the sale of the book has been forbidden, and the King has ordered the seizure of all copies already sold.

## Fiction.

*Pastorals of Dorset.* By "M. E. Francis."  
(Longmans. 6s.)

To the best of our knowledge Mrs. Blundell's previous novels and tales have dealt with North of England folk. At least, those of her books that we have read were set in the north. And here she is in Dorsetshire! Well, we like her better in the south than we did before; but whether it is because she is better or because Dorsetshire people are more to our mind than those of Lancashire and Yorkshire we cannot determine. The fact remains that this is a very entertaining book. Very slight may be; but rich in quiet humour and appreciation of human nature's quaintness. It is also topical; for Mrs. Blundell has more than one story bearing on the war, including that perfect thing for a reciter, "How Granger Volunteered," which is worth a thousand of the ordinary narratives that are delivered from platforms. The impact of the war on English village life is, after all, as well worth recording as its progress, or want of progress, at what is called the Front. "A Rustic Argus" is also a capital story, extremely well told. Mr. Hardy has for so long abstained from adding to his company of humorous Dorset villagers (they have latterly all had seriousness before anything) that Mrs. Blundell's sketches are the more welcome. A most companionable and kindly book.

*The Heritage.* By Edwin Pugh and Godfrey Burchett.  
(Sands. 6s.)

DIPSOMANIA is a subject which exerts a gloomy charm over the pens of several contemporary novelists. The authors of *The Heritage* have Mrs. L. T. Meade for a recent predecessor in a malodorous department of fiction, and, to do them justice, their work steers clear of the textbook which the lady's did not. The spectacle offered us is that of a widow who helplessly, though with passionate protest, watches the curse of her husband's family operate in her surviving son, who, to crown the tragedy, has married his first cousin, herself a toper.

The widow goes as far as to assault her daughter-in-law, an outrage which is followed by her dismissal from the position of housekeeper to the inebrates. We are spared the ultimate catastrophe, and in their reticence the writers score a point against rival speculators in horror who seem to have wished to flatter those who can divine the obvious by proving them to be right in their conjectures.

Praise must be accorded to the drawing of a would-be-hero, the father of the principal inebrate. He is an ex-soldier turned rent-collector. His ardour smoulders amid squalid surroundings, his delicacy chafes at sudden discovery of the brawler in a faithful but uneducated wife. He longs to fling away his life splendidly, and he dies in attempting to save a drowning suicide. The irony of the sacrifice is shown in the degeneracy of the son whom by living he might have saved. One is touched by the conflict of wills—the ignorant widow's with those of the clever and unscrupulous dipsomaniacs. The writers may be cautioned against the use of metaphors of excessive strength. It is both inappropriate and in bad taste to describe an egoist's disappointment in his wife as "his Gethsemane."

*The Eternal Choice.* By Edward H. Cooper.  
(Pearson. 6s.)

UNCLE PHILIP had the annual spending of £100,000, and poured most of it into the treasuries of missionary societies. Prof. Longley's Betty—let Mrs. Luke Stanier explain the situation:

"Aye, but it's sad to think of her being an Atheist. And all her father's doing too, the wicked old man. Atheist!"

I'd Atheist him [quoth Mrs. Luke]. Does he ever tell her who made her, and where she'll go when she dies? To bring up a nice little thing like her an Atheist!"

So when Nephew Fanshawe chose Betty, he must retire to a villa at Oxford and take pupils for his life. And when Betty became a mother she vaguely discovered that she had also become a Christian. That is really rather a falling away in Mrs. Fanshawe. One cannot but question the author's sincerity. Both Longley and his daughter in their original perversity are drawn too sympathetically to leave room for the supposition that Mr. Cooper was not conscious of doing violence to nature in bringing about this unsatisfactory conversion. Fanshawe is shadowy; and his orthodoxy is of a dull, unenthusiastic kind that should hardly have withstood the influence of his wife's simple and candid unfaith. His shady cousin, Reggie, his rival in his uncle's good graces, is far more actual, and at moments acutely amusing. Another concession to "nice" feeling is the happy ending of his patched-up marriage with the girl he had seduced. The motive of his marriage, to secure from the tiresome Uncle Philip enough pennies to enable his sister to marry the man she loved, is better. Mr. Cooper has a bright, vivacious manner; his children are at times delightful; so are some of their mammās.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

#### LONDON ONLY.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

Fifteen sketches of London life, humorous and pathetic, in Mr. Pett Ridge's ingenious and popular manner. Mr. Ridge does not waste time. He comes to the point at once. Here are the beginnings of the first two sketches: "The Climax Tea Rooms were doing an excellent trade—the hour being six o'clock p.m." "The green tram going to Finsbury Park took up, at Hampstead Road, its usual Sunday afternoon passengers." (Hodder. 6s.)

#### THE MAID OF MAIDEN LANE.

By AMELIA E. BARR.

It was Maiden Lane in New York, not London, and the main theme of the novel is the love story of an Englishman for an American girl, "a love which ran away for a long time but came to a happy ending." The period is 1791. "Never, in all its history, was the proud and opulent city of New York more glad and gay. It had put out of sight every trace of British rule and occupancy, all its homes had been restored and refurnished, and its sacred places reconsecrated and adorned." (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

#### THE EXTERMINATION OF LOVE.

By E. GERARD.

The sub-title is "a fragmentary study in erotics," and the book is divided into Part I.—"Dream-Life," an "Intermezzo"; and Part II.—"The Awakening." It begins: "Who art thou, and what is thy genesis, terrible demon whom men call Love? Thou greatest, thou only source of misery and misfortune here below . . ." which was part of a metaphysical treatise by one of the characters—Dr. Peterstorff. The author, "E. Gerard" (Mme. de Laszowska), has written several novels in collaboration with her sister, "D. Gerard" (Mme. Longard de Longgarde). (Blackwood. 6s.)

#### THE LORD OF THE SEA.

By M. P. SHIEL.

This is another of Mr. Shiel's stories of wild invention. We can best indicate the whirl of that invention by giving two extracts. The first is from Chapter II.: "Within six months from that night Europe found itself in a state of commotion. It began one midnight in the city of Prague, when the people rose and massacred most of the Jewish residents . . . and within a week from that first gory midnight had become a revolution." The second

is from Chapter LVII.: "With lugubrious under-look gazed Spinoza at the receding coast. . . . He had been Regent of the British Empire two months and sixteen days." (Richards. 6s.)

#### FOREST FOLK.

By JAMES PRIOR.

Although Mr. Prior begins with the solitary horseman of tradition, his story is decidedly fresh. It is intimately concerned with the industrial troubles in Nottinghamshire in the first years of the nineteenth century; and the clue of the story is found in the article in the *Nottingham Journal* which Arthur Skrene reads in Chapter VI., on "A Bill for the most exemplary punishment of persons found guilty of destroying stocking and lace frames, by death, to wit, without benefit of clergy." (Heinemann. 6s.)

#### MRS. MUSGRAVE AND HER HUSBAND.

By RICHARD MARSH.

The title suggests suburban commonplaces. But Dr. Bryan's early dictum that "medically, probably legally, certainly morally, we are all insane," and the later finding of his dead body, assure us that Mr. Marsh's conversion from melodrama has yet to begin. Rousing, clever melodrama it is in the "library" sense. (Long. 3s. 6d.)

#### A WOMAN AS DERELICT.

By MAY CROMMELIN.

She is derelict "right away," and asks herself "Who am I?" With astonishment she discovers that she is sitting on the Marine Parade at Brighton at half-past nine. "Surely I must remember if I only keep quiet"; but even in the third chapter she is still trying to decipher her own initials. But readers need not be deterred by this sombre opening. Eleanor Grey does at last remember her name; and soon other names begin to scintillate: Sir Adam Lee-Hobbes, Lady Adeliza Cotswold, Basil L'Estrange, V.C., the Dallases of Dalrymple, and Mr. Smith. (Long. 6s.)

#### A FORBIDDEN NAME.

By FRED. WHISHAW.

Mr. Whishaw is an expert concocter of historical-adventure stories. This one is concerned with the Court of Catherine the Great. "I, Countess Zora Levine," is the narrator, and the story is well compacted of love, politics, and fighting. (Chatto. 6s.)

#### DISTAFF.

By MARYA RODZIEWICZ.

This Polish lady was introduced to English readers just a year ago by her rather melancholy novel, *Anima Vilis*. Melancholy seems to mark this story also for its own, for it begins with the statement that Pani (Mrs.) Taida Skarszewski had been "reared by misery and work; misery and work were her teachers; misery and work were her companions and guides through life. . . . Throughout her whole life she read the *Warsaw Gazette*." The story, though sufficiently gloomy, is dramatic. (Jarrold. 6s.)

#### THE WHIRLIGIG.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.

This is Mr. Lindsay's first novel, and he has the good fortune to see it illustrated by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen. To originality it can make only limited pretension, since it is one more story of a pseudo-kingdom on the Continent. We confess to misgivings when we find the Central Europe express disgorging its passengers at Amaro in the Principality of Amalia, and discover in the crowd a Mr. Bothfield who has "run amok of the passions." However, he was no ordinary type, being "a frog of a man, clammy to the touch, and uninteresting." What becomes of him in Amalia among Counts, Commissaries, Excellencies, and Lieutenants is the story. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

We have also received: *Bitter Fruit*, by Mrs. Lovett Cameron (John Long); *The Sea of Fortune*, by Mrs. Robert Jocelyn (Digby, Long); *The Magnetism of Sin*, by Æsculapius (Greening); *Christine*, by Percy Russell (Griffiths); *The Interloper*, by S. Elizabeth Hall (Griffiths).



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## Bailey's "Festus."

It would be a nice question to ask in one of those examinations to which all critics ought to be subjected, "Do you consider Mr. Philip Bailey a minor or a major poet?" A man may, of course, fail to be a poet at all; but if he is a poet at all, then surely if he attempts greatly he ought not to be classed "minor," especially as there seems to be no class of "minimus." To have spent one's life in a great work, supposing one has any qualifications for it, is of itself a great achievement; and, assuredly, allowing for all eccentricities of individual opinion, not one of those very few persons who have studied *Festus* would dare to assert that Mr. Bailey had no qualifications for that great attempt. On the contrary, they are all far more likely to have been amazed at the wealth of poetic power the work displays.

But this is not a day of great attempts. It is not so much diffidence or inability that prevents our poets setting their hands to a *magnum opus*, as want of courage. When finished, they are apt to ask, "Will anyone read it?" And it may be feared that if they inquired of Mr. Bailey, he would answer, "Very few indeed." He, at least, has shown courage of a very rare order, since he has not only performed a stupendous task, but has not shrunk from taking the same subject as Goethe took, to say nothing of Marlowe. Moreover, he has treated his theme to a very large extent ethically and philosophically; and, nowadays, there is supposed to be a great gulf set between poetry and ethics, and philosophy and verse are declared to have bidden each other a final adieu. Even though, on high authority, Pope's *Essay on Man* may be admitted to be "the finest didactic poem in any language," it is nevertheless claimed as "the exception that proves the rule" (whatever that may mean), and didactics remain in common opinion as much outside the sphere of the Muses as ever.

There is happily, however, a small school which still holds that the highest expression is the expression of the deepest thought, and that all the greatest poetry, now almost unread, derives its beauty from the deep and accurate thinking that gave rise to it and suffuses it. As Mr. Bailey himself says:

All great lays, equal to the minds of men,  
 With the divine deal; have for end some good  
 Commensurate of the soul, some scheme of being  
 To illustrate; this, God's great world-drama, to sum  
 Prophetically.

That the devotion of Mr. Bailey's life has resulted in a most noble poem of an epic character, and yet full of sublime reasoning, will be as apparent, as it was to Lord Tennyson and Mr. Robert Browning, to anyone who is conversant with fine poetry and who can surmount the difficulty of the absolutely vile punctuation to which poor Mr. Bailey's work has been subjected. Never have I read a work that needed careful punctuation more, for the poet has some of the same kind of perverseness of expression as Mr. George Meredith; never have I read print with such confusion of stops! My edition is the tenth (1877); but the Jubilee edition (1893) is very little superior in

point of punctuation. I have never seen this great drawback to the poem noticed before, which confirms me in my opinion that very few people indeed have ever even attempted to read *Festus*. Certainly a poem of some 700 closely printed pages, most evilly punctuated, and dealing largely with philosophic conceptions of the nature of the Deity, is one not likely to tempt the present "public"! Besides, instead of condensing, Mr. Bailey has, perhaps unfortunately, enlarged his work in every new edition. The fifth edition (1854) contained about 20,100 lines, the tenth about 35,000, and the last (1893) about 41,250! I see that on the melancholy principle that life is too short to read long poems, a selection from *Festus* has been recently published. But "elegant extracts" from a great poem, however useful for girls' schools, are abhorrent to the true lover of literature. You may catch your extract, but you lose your poem. The Master demands that you put yourself under his influence, not that you merely come and listen to scraps of his conversation when it happens to amuse you; and he has the right to demand it, for he is a martyr; he has sacrificed his whole life to teach you; therefore, though selections are a compliment to Martin Tupper's *Philosophy*, which is merely a conglomeration of detached platitudes, they are an insult to Bailey's *Festus*, which has a plan and an atmosphere. It takes us wheeling through space on great orbits of verse, visiting planets, shuddering at the aspect of the bleached moon:

Not Chaos when in travail of the earth  
 And groaning with the birth-pang, nor the sun's  
 Deserts of fire, sea-deep with drifting flame,  
 Nor all contortions of the solemn clouds,  
 Can match the immarbled madness of this orb;  
 As though some vast wild passionate soul, ablaze  
 Through all its nature with volcanic sin,  
 By God's one word translated into light  
 And the pure beauty of celestial peace,  
 With adamant silence seized, had 'come  
 That instant changeless, deathless and divine.

It introduces us to a Lucifer who is in some respects a finer and more dignified conception than Goethe's, and an immeasurably more subtle one than Milton's boastful dragon. Byron, in his "Cain," alone rivals Mr. Bailey in his representation of this character. Both bring the Spirit nearer to us—both in dread and mystery—by *humanising* him. Mr. Bailey is even bold enough to make him fall in love with a mortal maiden, whose voice he says he loves:

Dipping more softly on the subject ear  
 Than that calm kiss the willow gives the wave.

The poem brings round us all the elemental forces. We hear "the sound of many waters"; we perceive the

Earth,  
 And sea all aged, grey at once with years  
 And green with youth.

And how well the poet knows the ocean! How well he recognises its moods!

As oft, from tide-stormed crag  
 Some desperate rock, surge-hounded, that at bay  
 Faces his white-jawed foes, a wave-path, clear  
 'Mid ruffling seas, scarce tremulous, we discern,

Which marches not with cliff on high, nor reef  
 Below; to no cloud answers; no vague keel  
 Cut accidentally; nor desultory gust  
 Scored.

And elsewhere he uses this fine metaphor:

And each one lift his arm, but no one struck;  
 Awhile in death-throe-like suspense they stood,  
 Or like the irresolution of the sea  
 At turn of tide.

The sea speaks to him as a lover:

I had only one thing to behold—the sea;  
 I had only one thing to believe—I loved.

It speaks to him as a poet :

When to its depths,  
The soul itself unbosoms, and high thought  
Calls to truth's far profound, as to the sea  
The clouds storm-fraught, that groan with thunder-fire  
And passionate flashings, blent with blinding rain.

So, light or the withdrawal of light, is constantly his theme.  
The sun, the moon, the stars are his comrades. He sings  
of dawn :

The long immeasurable layers of light  
And beams of fire enormous in the east,  
The broad foundations of the heaven-domed day.

Of evening :

The moon,  
Pale ghost of light, comes haunting the cold earth,  
After the sun's red sea-death, quietless.

Of night :

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths :  
Though many, yet they help not ; bright, they light not.  
They are too late to serve us ; and sad things  
Are aye too true.

And, again :

Still youthful breasts  
Reciprocally fired, imparted joy,  
Imported rapture ; tenderest converse, still,  
Sweet as the whisperings of imblossomed trees,  
Or the low lisping of night's silvery main,  
Lived on the lips of lovers, then as now,  
By fount or mead, or wandering, moon-beguiled,  
'Neath tall white cliffs, along the unshadowed shore.

And, again :

Night hath made many bards ; she is so lovely ;  
And they have praised her to her starry face  
So long, that she hath blushed and left them, oft.

But all these are the surroundings of the great Earth  
drama. Festus is Man himself, just as Job is Man, or  
Prometheus is Man. He passes through all experiences—  
joy, sorrow, sin, death—as a precious metal passes through  
the alembic. He is the Soul doomed not to descend, but  
to ascend—a painful doom, though in the endless climb  
the torture may become transmuted into a joy far greater  
than happiness. For this is how the Soul climbs :

Now clinging to grim steep, the lichen grey  
Scarce closer ; steep that in the paling light  
Smile treacherous welcome, even as death might smile,  
Petting the plumes of some surprised soul.\*

The exquisite touch about Death is anticipated in an  
earlier passage :

She is silent in the hand of death ;  
Soothed by his touch perchance, like a young bird  
Dreadless, incredulous of cruel fate.

But, or rather, therefore, round about Man, not in spite  
of, but in consequence of his strange and painful pilgrimage,  
are always the everlasting arms :

There's not the tiniest lifelet flecks the air  
With wing invisible, but in his coat  
Quarters the arms of God.

But this image, though so lovely, does not illustrate the  
poet's faith so well as this far finer one :

As, when o'er vast  
And shoreward flats at murkiest noon of night,  
No single element, not high heaven, not earth,  
Not sea is visible, one wide-searching wind,  
Sign solitary of life, blows, blows ; so sweeps  
Through death's unsubstantiated state, God's vital thought.

Opportunity does not now serve me to dive deeper into  
this great poet's mind. That his verse is sometimes rugged  
I admit, especially when all the stops are either absent or  
in the wrong place ; but it is folly to suppose that a long

\* I have ventured to read "surprised soul" as the close of  
the line, though the text gives "surpris'd soul. Now," com-  
mencing a new sentence.

journey can be taken without going up and down hill,  
unless it be over the monotonies of sea or desert ; and it is  
precisely the transition from mountain to plain and from  
valley to peak that interests us ; not the level beauty, but  
the sudden glory that arrests us. Not that it must be  
supposed that Mr. Bailey has no nooks of tender green,  
no blossomy meadows or winding rills to show us.  
Although not most successful in his lyric verse, he often  
gives us phrases such as some of our younger writers are  
so fond of—a kind of iridescent bubbles of expression, as,  
for instance, this of a girl speaking to her piano :

What a time

Since I have touched thine eloquent fingers, white  
As eminent ripples upon an elfin sea  
Of sound.

And not only in that way has Mr. Bailey anticipated  
many more recent poets, but also in all strange variety of  
rhythm (including the frequent use of six beats in the  
"blank verse" metre) and in a rich assortment of coined  
words.

Still, if we honestly feel that life is too short to take  
the journey that he offers us, by all means let us stay at  
home ; only let us not boast of our inertia, or fancy that  
by hanging up in our rooms some paintings of picturesque  
spots on the road we can possibly feel or profit by the  
effect of the whole tour. Not that we do stay at home,  
really ; no, we rush in the dining-car of an express train  
to meet our commercial agent in the next town ; and that  
is the true reason why we have not time to read poems  
like *Festus*, not because Mr. Bailey is not Mr. Tupper.  
In other words, we attach no real importance to poetry.  
We cannot see what is its use in the world. It is, to a  
few of us, perhaps, an amusement, a titillation, a distrac-  
tion, like a game of cards ; but it has become past the  
power of this generation to have the vision of the value of  
poetry that Mr. Bailey himself has :

The great bards

Of Greece, of Rome, and mine own master land,  
And they who in the holy book are deathless ;  
Men who have vulgarised sublimity  
And bought up truth for the nations ; held it whole ;  
Men who have forged gods—uttered—made them pass :  
Sons of the sons of God, who, in olden days,  
Did leave their passionless heaven for earth and woman,  
Brought an immortal to a mortal breast,  
And, rainbow-like the sweet earth clasping, left  
A bright precipitate of soul which lives  
Ever ; and through the lines of sullen men,  
The dumb array of ages, speaks for all.

Not that he is unaware that art itself may be only one of  
God's temporary modes of education :

And looking up aloft I heard in heaven  
Young fluent Time discoursing of the worlds,  
With starry diagrams on Night's blackboard,  
Most learnedly to many a lovely Hour,  
Who fain would have delayed to hear him out ;  
While wise Eternity sat by and smiled,  
Waving them all away.

That may be ; nevertheless, Mr. Bailey's life-work de-  
serves, not an ephemeral comment, but a volume of  
earnest analysis. It is hard to imagine that his voice,  
like the unanswered one that he describes, will be

Wasted, like time, upon unquickened stars.

Rather, let us hope, it may still help many of us to realise  
these other lines of his :

When we have hoped, sought, striven, and lost our aim,  
Then the truth fronts us, beaming out of darkness  
Like a white brow through its overshadowing hair.

Not from any audience-chamber ought this great, this  
conscientious, prophet-poet to be dismissed without being  
fully heard, for he himself is jealously cognisant of the  
dignity and significance and divineness of his art.

F. B. MONEY-COUTTS.



## Things Seen.

### "Fields of Glory."

I SAT in the orchard, lulled by the Sunday stillness, and let my eyes ramble over the sunny land. There was the water meadow, beyond the low orchard wall, and beyond that a chequer of fields that stretched to the top of the distant hills. But it was a neighbouring field of charlock that filled my heart with most content, and so my eyes returned again and again to that blaze of yellow glory.

The telegraph poles along the railway embankment wobbled in the noonday heat; a water rat splashed into the pond beside me, and then emerged on the bank, neat, bright-eyed, and debonair, and began a belated Sunday toilet; and, all the while, from the little Methodist chapel adjoining the orchard, came the voice of a man praying. Now high, now low, he prayed on with a tireless fervour, while the water-rat and I sat without, and a cheerful bird on the apple-bough sang to us—pagans all.

Then there was a shuffling of feet, and a hymn began. I could not make out much of it, except a line or two about fields of glory and a jasper sea; and I felt very sorry, in my earthly complacency, for those sad-featured, sable-clad worshippers, sighing in their little hot box of a chapel for fields of glory, while my charlock field glowed without, and every field about them was full of strange, busy, happy little creatures. Fields of glory! why, here they were, to be sure!

But then the month was May, and my little pagan friends and I cherished maddening hopes in our hearts; perhaps the other point of view will come, and a field of yellow charlock be no more than a waste of weeds, and the fields of glory recede into that nebulous perspective wherein they can only be seen dimly with the wistful eyes of faith.

### The Free Man.

WHEN I had come through the wood, and out upon the yellow road that wound over the heath, I thought I should have been alone for the rest of the journey—alone save for the gorse, the heather, and the birds. And I was well content. It was good to be once more on the open road in the time of lilac, with the town left behind, and nothing between me and night but sky and hills. It was good to be once more, if even for a little, of the mystical company of those who have sung the open road, and as I scented the good earth smell, and felt the breeze on my face, I cried aloud:

I think heroic deeds were all conceiv'd in the open air, and  
all fine poems also;

I think I could stop here myself and do miracles;

I think whatever I shall meet on the road I shall like, and  
whoever beholds me shall like me;

I think whoever I see must be happy!

Just then two figures swung over the hill. They were young, they were gypsies—a man and a woman—sun-burnt, clear-eyed, lithe. They came towards me and stopped, health and youth in their bright eyes and on their brown faces. A wicker chair was swung over the man's back, and on the woman's shoulder dangled a cluster of feather brooms.

An idea came into my mind, a wild idea that sent the blood rioting: it was to throw in my lot with them, to disappear, to escape from myself, from the past. We stared at one another, I waiting for the man to say—"Brother, we are for the road! And you?" Instead, he said with a contemptible humility: "Buy a chair, Sir! Buy a chair!" And the woman feebly flapped the feather brooms at me. My elation dropped. It was not the question I expected. But in answer to their insistence I remarked that I had no use for an arm-chair in the middle of a heath. The man continued to whine, and he

watched me eagerly as I half-unconsciously fumbled in my pocket. It was a miserable intention that sent my hand fumbling, and I hoped, I longed, that he would not take the sixpence that my fingers clutched. I said to myself, "If he does, then good-bye to the open road and the life that makes it possible for a free man, healthy and strong, to take money from a stranger." I held out the sixpence. He took it with a cringe, and the woman curtsied in the dust. Then I parted from them, and set my face towards the town.

## Tit-Bits of Remorse.

WHETHER men suffer in this life for their great sins is a question, but there is no doubt that they suffer acutely for their small ones. The agonies which follow a social solecism, a foolish remark, or a misprint might supply certain preachers with an apt simile, even a useful argument. Awful, too, is the irrevocableness of small errors. These are regularly collected by Mr. C. E. Clark, who now follows his *Mistakes We Make* by *More Mistakes We Make* (Marshall & Son). He is terribly in the right as he mows down the delusions of hasty writers. Why "Revelations"? The Bible has "Revelation." Why "Love's Labour Lost"? Shakespeare has "Love's Labour's Lost." Why "calves' foot" jelly instead of "calf's foot"? In calling Stevenson Robert Louis we follow neither the practice of his friends, who said "Lewis," nor the register, which also gives "Lewis." It appears, however, that Stevenson's father preferred Louis, and Stevenson acquiesced. Y is often substituted for i very unaccountably, as in "siren" and "siphon." And why do we write "Bill Sykes"? If Bill did murder Nancy it is but just to remember that his name was "Sikes." Where did "châlet" steal its circumflex, and Liège exchange its rightful acute accent for the grave accent which it nearly always wears?

These are straight thrusts, but Mr. Clark is now and then more easily answered. He thinks that there is no such thing as a "type-written MS.," to which we only say "Tut!" Then he condemns "out of print." The phrase is not too exact, but it is quite intelligible, and well established, and is better left alone. "Archdiocese" is bad—as improper, in fact, as "archparish." "'Question' is invariably holla'd out erroneously." Its original meaning was to call a wandering speaker to the question under discussion, whereas it is now used to express contradiction. It would be better to call the latter signification new than erroneous. "Liable" is very liable to misuse, being frequently written for "apt," as in "I am liable to forget." Mr. Clark is wrong in condemning the folk who speak of "unravelling a mystery." He says: "They mean *ravel*—if they only knew it. One has only to refer to a good dictionary to see that '*ravel*' means to unweave. As Shakespeare says: 'Make you to ravel all this matter out.'" Acting on Shakespeare's own injunction, we find that he used *ravel* in the sense of to tangle up as well as to unweave, and in a way which seems to have been expressly ordained to put Mr. Clark to confusion, for we read in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona":

As you unwind her love from him  
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,  
You must provide to bottom it on me.

In providing to bottom things on Shakespeare it is as well to make more than casual research. Milton, too, has:

Till, by their own perplexities involved,  
They ravel more, still less resolved.

The truth is that *ravel* and *unravel* have meant the same thing. But *ravel* in the sense of disentangle was originally written with "out," as by Shakespeare in

Must I ravel out  
My weaved-up folly?

The "out" was often omitted with rather confusing results. As for unravel (a mystery), we have it in "The Cenci":

I have talked with my own heart,  
And have unravelled my entangled will.

Mr. Clark is not very happy in his dealings with Shakespeare. He says the false quoter prefers "*Imperial* Caesar dead and turned to clay" before "*Imperious* Caesar," &c. But imperial is surely correct; at any rate, we should have liked some citation of standard texts. "Hoist with his own petard," we are told, should be "hoist with his own petar"—a matter of choice, unless Mr. Clark takes his stand on Shakespeare's own spelling, which would be a dangerous proceeding. Massinger has "petard" in his "Unnatural Combat":

Give but the fire  
To this petard, it shall blow open, Madam,  
The iron doors.

But Mr. Clark finds fair game in the common misquotation:

To pale his ineffectual fires,

for "uneffectual fire"; and

There's method in his madness,

which is quite unlike the original; and

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we may,

instead of "how we will"; and

We are such stuff as dreams are made of,

Shakespeare writing "on"; and

I have supped full of horrors,

a perversion of Macbeth's "with horrors," which is itself a horror; and

Cribb'd, cabin'd and confined,

which is the universal rendering of the same character's

Cabin'd, cribb'd, confined.

We confess we have never seen "a beggarly array of empty bottles" attributed to the apothecary, instead of "a beggarly account of empty boxes"; but the mistake has a melancholy probability. Nor do we remember an error which Mr. Clark says is obstinate—that of misquoting Gray: "Far from the maddening crowd." "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa" is curtailed and hashed to any extent; and Pope's "A little learning is a dangerous thing" has become an example as well as a statement in its garbled form: "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Goldsmith did not write "Passing rich on forty pounds a year," nor Dryden "None but the brave deserve the fair," nor Milton "That last infirmity of noble minds." The Bible does not say that "money is the root of all evil," nor commands us to "search the Scriptures." It does not mention Esau's "mess of pottage." In so many ways has Mr. Clark found us out! But why does he call such misquoting "timorous"? Search of that "good dictionary" which he recommends so often to his readers obliges us to suppose that he has blended "timorous" with "temerarious" in order to express the compound cause of these departures from accuracy. The device, if it be one, and not a school-master's slip, has at least more to say for itself than the reference to Mr. Cyril Davenport Adams which we noticed in a contemporary the other day—a delightfully impartial blending of two well-known writers under one name.

A visit to the Royal Academy with Mr. Clark would be a solemn affair. He counts the spokes of gun wheels, and distinguishes between rushes and reeds. He has convicted Vandyke of omitting wedding-rings, and Raphael

of making the draught of fishes include skate, which—limiting the miracle—Mr. Clark says "are not caught in the Sea of Galilee." His best correction is that which he administers to the painter of a picture called "The Signal of Death," in which the turning down of thumbs is represented as the sign that the death-blow is to be given, whereas it was at the turning up of thumbs that the gladiator was "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Copley's picture in the National Gallery, so often reproduced as "Death of Chatham," has greatly obscured the fact that Chatham died at Hayes five weeks after his fit in the House of Lords. We have little patience, on the other hand, with the correction of the pictorial death of Sir John Moore, in which the line "By the struggling moon-beams' misty light" has been proved inaccurate by—an astronomer! Illustrators are, of course, scourged heavily, and often with reason, by Mr. Clark, who points out that "Phiz" gives Captain Cuttle a hook for his left hand instead of for his right. Hablot K. Browne drew the one-armed Joe Willet in *Barnaby Rudge* with a right arm when wielding a club, and with a left arm when pressing Dolly Vardon to his heart. It appears that Joe did not wield the club at all, and Dolly must have been content with his right side. The Glasgow Art Union issued a picture of Whittington reclining in a wood with Wren's St. Paul's in the distance! As for the Union Jack, we think that Mr. Clark would usefully employ himself were he to set up in business—say in Chelsea or St. John's Wood—as one of its few experts. Artists, it seems, neither draw it right nor fly it right.

Appropriately Mr. Clark closes with a "Miscellaneous Assortment"—a general sweep up of mistakes, in which "Dan Chaucer" is properly explained to mean "Don" or "Master" Chaucer, not Daniel, as some fondly suppose. And at last, from his topmost chimney-pot, Mr. Clark implores the careless to recollect that Oliver Goldsmith rests in the Temple churchyard, not in Westminster Abbey. To Noll it matters not; the arch-blunderer, who touched nothing he did not adorn, rests well. To be as right in intention as he was is the point. We cannot be too careful; but we can be too remorseful—forgetting that

The eternal surge  
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar  
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge  
Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the graves  
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

## Correspondence.

### "The Eternal Conflict."

SIR,—It seems to me that your reviewer of "Benjamin Swift's" essay, *The Eternal Conflict*, has quite missed the aim which its writer so obviously had in view when he gave to mankind this remarkable statement of the world as he finds it. He has not attempted to solve the riddle of the existence of evil, but to explain his position with regard to the eternal conflict which is constantly being waged around us; he is anxious to explain why he is only a spectator, and not one of the fierce combatants; he feels impelled to justify the conclusion at which he has been forced to arrive in spite of all the attractive glamour of all the religions. In a word, his essay is a personal statement, a "human document," a subjective treatise. This, once understood, explains his very occasional references to himself which your reviewer condemns. It is true he has worked "with a pretty sharp eye to the effect" he may have on his hearers; but, then, who does not work in this way? One must of necessity adapt one's speech to one's audience. Again, his remarks on Christianity do not preclude the possibility of his being miserable, though what that has to do with the value of his essay I fail to



see! Only those who have passed through Belief to Disbelief can know the bitterness which fills a man's heart and makes him scornful of what seems to him the wilful self-deception of all followers of Christianity. No one can make epigrams about Christianity unless he is miserable: surely that is sufficiently obvious! To my mind, the glow, the fervour, and the beauty of Mr. Paterson's work are quite sufficient evidence that he is in terrible earnest. His book is, above all, sincere and convincing; it bears in every chapter the spiritual and mental torture through which its writer has passed, and more than justifies the standpoint and atmosphere of his half-dozen novels.—I am, &c.,

C. FRED KENYON.

### Baedeker's Handbooks.

SIR,—I have just seen Mr. Muirhead's letter. The statement that all Baedeker's handbooks had been preceded by a Murray was made originally by my father, who died in 1892, and has been frequently repeated hitherto without being called in question.

I believe that Messrs. Baedeker have in recent years published Guide-Books to the United States and Canada. With these small exceptions, I believe the statement to be as true as on the day when it was first made.—I am, &c.,

JOHN MURRAY.

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of May 18 I see a letter from Mr. James F. Muirhead, contradicting the statement as to Murray's Guides always having been followed by a Baedeker.

I, in reply to him, beg to say that if he will look up the now defunct *Murray's Magazine* for the month of November, 1889, he will there find an article signed by Mr. John Murray, showing up the Messrs. Baedeker and their Guide-Books.

The concluding sentences of the article are as follows: "I will, therefore, in winding up my statement, content myself with this remark, that although Messrs. Baedeker have brought out some eighteen different Guide-Books, everyone of them has been preceded and anticipated by a Murray's Handbook for that particular country."

Even although Mr. Muirhead is the English editor of the Baedeker Guides, his letter shows that he does not know current tattle anent Guide-Books.—I am, &c.,

ROBERT D. WAIN.

### "The Literature of Failure."

SIR,—In the article (which may I be allowed to allude to as remarkable for its fulness and charm of style and delicate insight?) on the "Literature of Failure," in your last issue, the name of Thoreau is mentioned. I cannot help thinking that a phrase of his must have escaped the memory of the writer, as otherwise he could scarcely have refrained from quoting it in connexion with Marie Bashkirtseff, more especially perhaps, but generally, as being so in keeping with the spirit in which he has handled the subject-matter of the article.

The phrase I refer to (quoting from memory) is as follows: "If our failures are made tragic by courage, they are not different from success."—I am, &c.,

J. BEERBOHM.

### The Function of Private Judgment in Literary Criticism.

SIR,—After quoting a dialogue from the "Tis Pity" of Ford, in your issue of May 18, "E. H." remarks: "That, in my opinion, it is not to be approached in our day." This writer evidently realises that private judgment, or one's

own individual literary taste, is a great factor in forming decisions on poetry, drama, fiction, and the *belles-lettres* generally; and therefore he qualifies a sweeping statement, with which many will disagree, by inserting the words "in my opinion." If critics generally would follow his example there would not be so many instances, as there are, of diametrically opposed literary judgments, specimens of which you have brought before your readers this week in the case of the Benenden Letters; and students who consult the literary journals with a view to having their taste cultivated and improved, and in order that they may be enabled to form an adequate judgment for themselves on literary matters, would not be so often perplexed and disheartened.—I am, &c.,

H. P. WRIGHT.

### FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

SIR,—The best evidence on the point in question is naturally that of Mr. Quaritch himself. In his Catalogue, No. 194, for December, 1899, there is the following note under "Edward FitzGerald," p. 118: "*Rubaiyat*, 1859.—Nearly the whole of this, the first edition, I sold (not being able to get more) at one penny each. Mr. FitzGerald had made me a present of about 200 copies of the 250 he had printed." Mr. Quaritch also states in this catalogue that only 250 copies were printed of the *Six Dramas of Calderon*, 1853.—I am, &c.,

W. F. P.

## Our Weekly Competition.

### Result of No. 87 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best original prose description of an actual garden. The contributions sent in have been numerous and good. We award the prize to Miss Lorimer, 1, Bruntsfield-crescent, Edinburgh, for the following:

The garden I have in my mind lies under the walls of a grey old castle, and the garden and the house are so wedded together that no one can think of them apart. When the garden-door stands open one can see the lambs skipping in the park, a sweep of fields and trees, and, beyond, the shimmering sea. It is not easy to say at what moment the garden is at its fairest. It is now! one says when the apple trees, in all the glory of their blossom, dip their boughs to meet the ranks and rows of stately tulips and delicate white narcissi. It is now! when the great Madonna lilies stand in gleaming phalanxes and the syringas wave their snowy blossoms. It is now! when the torrent of the roses is sweeping all before it; roses thrusting through the high boxwood; hedges of roses; pyramids of roses; roses tumbling over trellises; roses creeping along the ground; roses red and roses white, roses creamy and coppery; roses blushing and roses with an unwinking golden eye; roses that tarry all the summer, like the Gloire tribe, and roses whose hands "are ever at their lips bidding adieu," like the "Celestial" and the "Maiden's Blush." Roses, roses everywhere. Yes, perhaps the rose-time is the loveliest, and perhaps the gloaming on a July evening is the moment to choose in all the year. There is a garden within this garden surrounded by clipped yew-hedges and with a yew arch for entrance, whence one can watch the lingering sunset as it flushes round the sky to meet the dawn, already lightening in the east. Most of the flowers fade softly into the darkness, but the white ones and the tall, pale evening primroses shine out like stars. And over this *hortus inclusus* a little Cupid hovers, bow in hand, and of the wreathing honeysuckle might permit, one can read the legend on the high lichened pillar that supports him:

Qui que tu sois, voilà ton maître,  
Il est, le fut, ou le doit être.

Other replies are as follows:

Galvanized iron sheeting fences my garden round. So small is that little square of ground that at evening time my shadow falls across it from one side to the other. In a middle, the mould, heaped up, makes a little mound, where one solitary tulip holds aloft its slender-stemmed scarlet goblet, like the last remnant of some all-forsaken festal board. The blue sky overhead has

whispered through the spring-time to the half-burnt earth, and a few frail things born of last year's faded flowers struggle upwards in response; albeit that often-times the long black drifting trail of smoke from the huge chimney-shaft near by makes a dissentient severance betwixt the two. A few marigolds push aside the loose grey earth here and there and make a further sprinkling of vivid green. In one corner a creeper lies, its black, rope-like stems twisted into a tangled mass. It can get no holding on the smooth surface of the iron sheeting, and falls back in huddled confusion. The few stray leaves that come, come only to wither. They will never be golden in the autumn-time, or yellow in the November sun as once they were in years gone by, when the creeper twisted around the black-tarred palings that once stood here. Yet all these garden-stragglers will be unnoticed in a few weeks time, for then the giant-weed will dominate the whole. Even now, here and there the long reddish bamboo-like stems start up in dense clusters, reaching perhaps as high as the shoulder, and spread out at top in long slender branches, whereon big heart-shaped leaves unfold. Underneath the ground its long snaky root-tendrils have crept on and on unseen, until now, in almost every part, up through the earth, be it tilled or trampled on, path or bed, the small red sprouting stems upstart and thrust their way through all. And now while things of sweeter promise fade, this one great weed will flourish, and of my garden be at last the lord.

[T. W. C.]

## AN INDIAN GARDEN.

This is how my Indian garden looks to me. I see a stretch of green lawn, not daisy or buttercup-starred, but whitened here and there with the downy fluff of the silk-cotton tree. I see under the big mango tree the conservatory with walls of woven grass and roof of creepers, and I can feel again its fresh coolness on a hot May morning. Here I nurse maidenhair fern and begonias, and try to coax a flower from mimulus and musk. A red gravel path leads to my rose garden with its own little system of irrigation, for Mareschal Niel is a thirsty soul. I have flower-borders gay from Christmas to March with nasturtiums and phlox and the other home-flowers that bring *Heimweh*. There are pansies and carnations and violets, too, but all in pots, close battalions of pots, marshalled on the red paths. April comes, and May, and the home flowers are burned up, but the trees of the tropics are then in their glory. The glory of the gold-mohur—a mass of flame, the Indian laburnum—a larger, paler, golden rain, the bushy ixora, so purely white or else so deeply red, the clinging bougainvillea with its purple sepals, the drooping clusters of the orange bignonia, the sacred champas, so heavy scented, and many more of unfamiliar name and strange habit. But it is the middle of June, and the ground is sun-baked and parched. Then come the rains, and I see my garden grow—grow until the zinnias and balsams reach my waist, and the cannas overtop my head; and the coleus, pride of the hothouse at home, ramps over the rubbish heap; and the bamboo clump shoots higher and higher; and it seems that if one slept for a day not even a prince could cut his way through the tangle of creeper that flings its arms in a night round door and gateway. And so the seasons roll round in my Indian garden. I can smell the tuberose these thousand miles away; and though English larks are singing, and primroses are blooming, I wonder if the tailor-bird is again sewing his little nest among the crotons in the verandah, and if the pink lotus is flowering in the tank.

[M. E. D., St. Andrews.]

The garden I first heard about was the Garden of Eden. I was five years old, and my home was hard by the Jephson Gardens, in Leamington, where I wandered daily with my nurse. By making believe, as children do so easily, I had no difficulty in fitting the Jephson pleasure grounds into the Paradise of Adam and Eve. There was an old crab tree which did duty fairly well for that which ruined our first parents, but there was not much to eat except what I carried with me. The River Leam had to suffice for that which watered Eden, and, on the whole, the imagination made a very fair representation. There was no carpet-gardening in those days, and the place had the aspect of wildness and sweet confusion that to the present day makes my mental picture of the mysterious land where Adam was gardener. At sixty-five the same mental picture subsists in my brain, and when I hear the parson read in church, "And the Lord God planted a garden," the one garden of my infancy rises clearly before me. All is there. I see the place where Adam named the beasts and birds; it was an open space where the great tent was pitched when the flower shows took place. I never saw the serpent; my nurse said he always hid by a dangerous slope leading to the river side, and I was forbidden to seek him. They told me I should be sure to meet him some day! The place where God walked in the cool of the day was, of course, the shady grove where I used to hear the birds sing in the happy spring mornings, and the great clusters of laurels (there was forbidden fruit on some of them, I remember) was certainly the place where Adam and Eve hid themselves. They obtained the fig leaves from the great tree on the other side of the gravelled path. Everything was there, even the thorns and

thistles. I had no difficulty in transforming the old woman and her husband who kept the lodge-gate into the cherubims with the flaming sword, because I was assured that if my parents did not pay their subscription they would turn me out.

[E. B., London.]

Our garden is small, one can easily take it in in one glance. There is a lawn, once green and grassy, but the busy little feet of the children have gradually worn it to the semblance of a hard road, with here and there a patch of withered grass; but who cares for this or for the fact that others may keep their lawns immaculate, when we can boast that we are the proud possessors of the only tree in the terrace. It is a may tree, with spreading branches which droop to the very ground, and in spring a crimson glory of blossoms; beneath its branches we can retire into absolute privacy, when the curtain-veiled scrutiny of the lady in the house on our left and the frank curiosity of the nursemaid on our right become irksome. If we sit very close and keep our heads down we can even partake of tea beneath its shade on hot afternoons, and we flatter ourselves that the rattling of our tea-cups arouses feelings akin to envy in the hearts of our neighbours. I cannot say much for the flowers in our garden; when we first came we planted a fine show, but we either watered them too assiduously, or the saying that "A watched pot never boils" becomes applicable, and "A watched plant never flowers." I do not know, but week by week they withered under our ardent and anxious glances. We are not ambitious now; the ever-useful nasturtium serves the double purpose of brightening our garden and hiding the weeds.

But I must not forget our rose bush, which usually bears about one rose a summer; it has buds in plenty, but they always appear unequal to the task of blooming. Oh, the unspeakable joy of watching our first rose! how undecided we were whether to pluck it or to let it die a natural death; the question was decided for us—it was stolen.

[K. M. P., N. Wales.]

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